PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 50 cents

DEDMAN

MAUGHAM

PLAYBILL

WEST

START WAVING that school pennant, take a healthy swig from your hip flask, and clear your throat for a rousing college yell. This is PLAYBOY's Back-To-School Issue, filled with all the fun and good-fellowship of campus life itself. We've a feature on favorite college drinking songs—not the sentimental Whiffenpoof variety, but the ribald ballads that echo from the rafters when college men are feeling their brew. PLAYBOY-regular Julien Dedman revisits Yale and reports on what his alma mater is up to in a series of very enjoyable cartoons. In his story "Old Shep," Jack F. West relates an amusing and very unusual method of getting out of a not-too-unusual college predicament. If you've never met Dartmouth's famous dogs, they should give you a special smile, Jack Strausberg has collected some amusing football anecdotes for us, and there's a Drink Quiz to test your alcoholic know-how.

In addition, this eleventh issue of PLAYBOY includes a sophisticated story by W. Somerset Maugham, a satire on Hollywood by Ray Russell, and a picture-feature on the censorship of foreign films. Plus, of course, another of PLAYBOY's Ribald Classics, more Party Jokes, and that new sweetheart of Sigma Chi and every other fraternity in America: PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Month.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

DISGRACEFUL MAGAZINE DEPT.

I agree with Armin J. Edwards' letter in your August issue, and I'll go further and remind you that sex is strictly intended for marriage and is *not* supposed to be a subject for jokes, even by mature men.

James Wesley
Riverside, Calif.

I read with interest the letter from the honorable Mr. Edwards of New Haven. I'm fairly religious myself and a female at that, but I can't find any fault with your fine magazine. On the contrary, I think it fulfills an important need and must congratulate you on your tactful (and very true) reply to Edwards.

There are a great many magazines on the stands today that really are a disgrace: horrifying comics that should be banned and disgusting "girlie" trash and similar junk, but as the publishers cannot be harnessed it is up to the parents to keep their children from reading this type of thing, or rather, from wanting to read it.

PLAYBOY certainly doesn't belong in this category, however. Few magazines being published today are edited with more intelligence and taste. Nor should it be restricted to "men only." I look forward to each new issue.

I particularly enjoy Bradbury and Mead, and though I read almost all the good magazines published, yours is one of the very few — possibly the only one — that I actually read from cover to cover. And that goes for my husband too.

Mrs. Edward Anthony
Miami, Florida

I'd like to know where Armin J. Edwards gets twisted ideas like: "Young people twelve to sixteen years old . . . constitute the vast majority of those who read PLAYBOY." And just what does he know about the state of "public morality and the awareness of what is right?"

Theodore M. Husbands
Salt Lake City, Utah

We don't know Armin's psychiatrist well enough to know where he gets his ideas, Ted. We do have some information about the age of our readers that we didn't have when we answered his letter, though. We've just completed a survey of PLAYBOY*'s charter subscribers that we'll be discussing in more detail next month. We'll give you this much of a preview:* 18 *to* 25 — 19%; 25 *to* 35 — 49%; 35 *to* 45 — 19%; *over* 45 — 13%.

I rather liked your answer to the critic in the August issue. Being a sixty-two year old bachelor, I don't have to worry about Little Winnie or Grandma getting their hands on PLAYBOY. My problem is keeping my married friends from carrying my copies away.

Frank Cornelius Ross
Los Angeles, California

Boy, did you tell Edwards the facts of life in your August issue. I think any person who feels that way about sex, and shies away in disgust and ignorance, is missing a lot of enjoyment in this life of ours. I like your sophisticated magazine very much; it is one of the few I can't skim through in a few minutes.

Jim Nestor
Jersey City, N. J.

Bravo for your answer to Armin J. Edwards. PLAYBOY is a magazine for sophisticated men — and women. I haven't missed an issue and I seem to like everything Mr. Edwards says is bad. Don't change PLAYBOY for anything or anybody.

Margy Myer
Washington, D.C.

PLAYBOY GOES YACHTING

Just before shoving off from Newport, Rhode Island, in the Newport-Bermuda Yacht Race, I ran across my first copy of PLAYBOY. My idea that your magazine might brighten up some of the darker hours ahead was indeed well-founded. Although not many of our days afloat were dark or hazardous, PLAYBOY did brighten up a lot of corners.

Our eleven-man crew of the yacht "Angelique" — not to mention our girl-cook — spent many happy off-watch hours perusing the varied contents of your book. I regret to say that our record of success on the fifty foot "Angelique" was no where near that enjoyed by PLAYBOY. We did manage to beat over half the fleet of seventy-seven, however.

Bob Steuert
Royal Bermuda Yacht Club
Hamilton, Bermuda

COLE

The guy who draws the cartoons of the old geezers and the beautiful babes is really terrific. He always gives me a smile and his girls are almost as appealing as the monthly Playmates. I said *almost.*

Art Navillus
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Jack Cole gets my vote as the best cartoonist in America.

Joseph Gargano
North Bergen, N. J.

The cartoon on page 25 of the May issue is the greatest I have ever seen, although all of Cole's are terrific. Are any other readers getting sick of you throwing roses at yourselves in the letters column? Everyone isn't that laudatory, I'm sure. You have a good magazine (you got my money), but reading about it for two pages every month is getting tiresome, especially when those pages could be devoted to some of the better things that you publish.

Rudolph Borchert
Columbus, Ohio

We try to publish a fair cross-section of our monthly mail, Rudy — complimentary and otherwise. Fortunately, a good many guys have been waiting a good many years for a magazine like PLAYBOY, *and most of the letters we receive say just that. We considered not running your letter, because it was so complimentary to cartoonist Cole, and then we figured — what the hell!*

HEINRICH KLEY

Just returned from the oculist, who fitted me with a new pair of orbs. I was his last customer for the day: he lamped the new PLAYBOY and promptly popped his own lenses.

I very much enjoyed the spreads on Heinrich Kley in your June and August issues. I'm a Kley-boy from way back, but in addition to Heinrich's wunderbar(t) work how about giving your deserving audience a look at the art of Rosaleen Norton? She's the Australian artist (and artist's model) whose collection was originally to have been bound in bat skin till the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bats rose in righteous indignation. Book-binding is a woman's profession "down under" and the women flatly refused to bind this one. Rosaleen (with whom I have corresponded) was described to me by a friend arriving from Sydney as "a pixie-browed, green-toothed, ether-breathing lesbian" — and according to some of the other things she has been called ("a freak, a witch, a depraved mad-woman" by the press) I gather she would consider that a compliment. Playboy Bela Lugosi (he plays for keeps when he puts the bite on his vamped victims) told me he considers Rosy's work "specDracula."

Forrest J. Ackerman
Los Angeles, California

She sounds like a blind date we had once, Forrest.

AUGUST ISSUE

Last month I wrote you airing my likes and dislikes and praising your magazine in general. Then I picked up the August issue. Man, what a letdown. The only worthwhile articles were Ruark's "The Star Maker," "Ribald Classics," and Ray Bradbury's "The Flying Machine." The Party Jokes are fine, but there are never enough of them. Perhaps this feature could be enlarged if you cut down some of the full-page cartoons to the postage-stamp size of some of the pictures in the burlesque article.

D.H.C.
Marshalltown, Iowa

Just finished reading the August number and, no kidding, it was the best issue of *any* magazine that I've ever come up against. I'd been hunting for it at the newsstand for over a week, but I guess it sold out before I arrived. Managed to pick up a copy a few days ago in Newark. Maybe they can't read over there in Jersey.

Tom Haupt
New York, N. Y.

I've never written any fan mail to a magazine before, mostly because I never came up against any magazine that merited it. However, PLAYBOY is the one exception and it merits plenty of fan mail — all orchids. Your August issue was wonderful. June was tops, but August beat it like Native Dancer would a milk-wagon nag.

Boyd P. Patterson
Houston, Texas

MEN'S MAGAZINES

At last! A magazine doing what ———* forgot how to do about fifteen years ago. Just keep it up and you are assured one reader for life. Just don't louse it up with articles on what fly to use while fishing at Woebegone Lake or what color under-shorts to wear while dancing the mambo. I have never enjoyed any publication quite so much and look forward to each issue with great anticipation.

Robert B. Cook
Evansville, Indiana

There has been a crying need for a magazine like PLAYBOY ever since ———* became a man's *Vogue*. Keep up the good work and let's have more stories by Ray Bradbury and Thorne Smith. You can expect a three year subscription from me at Christmas.

Thomas A. Uhlig
Brooklyn, New York

PLAYBOY has replaced the ———* of yesteryear, and I hope PLAYBOY remains the same, and doesn't change its policy as ———* did after it was once established.

Julius Herbst, Jr., Pres.
Aramingo Record Distributors
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The only policy PLAYBOY *has is trying to produce the best possible entertainment magazine for the sophisticated, urban male and that, we assure you, Julius, will never change.*

KIND EDITORS DEPT.

I was rundown, sickly, unemployed, despised by women, scorned by men, and contemplating suicide when someone sent me a copy of PLAYBOY. Since then I have fully recovered and grown a head of hair. PLAYBOY is milder, much milder, and leaves no unpleasant aftertaste. Though it would appear to be habit-forming.

As editor of another man's magazine, I can truthfully say PLAYBOY surpasses anything I've yet produced.

Jim Harmon
Harmon-Crawford Publ. Co.
Mt. Carmel, Illinois

I think your magazine is the best men's book on the market today, and a real boon to the field.

Lewis Eskin, Research Editor
The Ring Magazine
New York, N. Y.

**A popular men's magazine, the title of which escapes us at the moment. — The Editors.*

WRIGHT

Just finished reading your August edition from cover to cover and am well satisfied with your magazine. I especially appreciated your article by Robert Ruark, my favorite as an editorial writer.

After reading "The Builder," I find that some of that facts on Frank Lloyd Wright were misleading. FLW didn't graduate from the University of Wisconsin and for that matter, didn't take Architecture at the University either. If my memory doesn't fail me, he was enrolled in Civil Engineering.

I do want to thank you for doing an article on an architect, though, and would be interested in reading more personality sketches. An article like this does a great deal in converting home builders' ideas.

John F. McGill
Design for Better Living
Denver, Colorado

You're right on both points, John. The article describes Wright's classes at the University and states: "He would ask embarrassing questions like 'What is architecture?'" No wonder the question was embarrassing — with the classes in Civil Engineering.

A FULL $6 WORTH

Enclosed is a check for one year of PLAYBOY. My husband and I enjoy it tremendously. He especially likes the stories from the Decameron. When we finish reading an issue, it goes to my son who is in the navy in Korea. In turn it makes the rounds on the ship, so for $6 lots of guys are happy.

Mrs. Geraldine Pais
Hartford, Connecticut

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL

Your magazine is the most expensive piece of literature I have ever had the pleasure of purchasing. PLAYBOY usually appears around the middle of the month and about that time, I start making daily trips to my favorite newsstand. When an issue is late, I usually spend from 25¢ to $2 on other magazines, while waiting on PLAYBOY.

No more. Enclosed is my check for $13 for a three year subscription and let me assure you, I'm saving a hell of a lot more than $5 on it.

Incidentally, will it be possible to order your BEST FROM PLAYBOY direct from you or will we be forced into a mad scramble at book stores?

W. J. Hartzheim
Menasha, Wisconsin

The hard-bound BEST FROM PLAYBOY *will be available the middle of October and regular* PLAYBOY *readers can order their copies through the magazine. All the particulars will be included in the next issue.*

FOREIGN FILMS P. 41

BOOLA BOOLA P. 30

MAUGHAM P. 6

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

APPEARANCE AND REALITY—fiction	W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM	**6**
COLLEGE DRINKING SONGS—ballads		**11**
HOLLYWOOD AND THE GLADIATORS—satire	RAY RUSSELL	**15**
THE ART DETECTIVE—article		**16**
DRINK QUIZ—games	JOSEPH C. STACEY	**19**
BLOCK THAT YOK!—sports	JACK STRAUSBERG	**21**
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		**23**
HOW TO WRITE MEMOS—satire	SHEPHERD MEAD	**25**
MISS OCTOBER—playboy's playmate of the month		**26**
OLD SHEP—fiction	JACK W. WEST	**29**
BOOLA BOOLA—pictorial	JULIEN DEDMAN	**30**
LATER-COMMA—article	G. M. WHITE	**33**
CAMPUS CANINES—pictorial		**36**
IS SHE YOUR KIND OF DISH?—food	THOMAS MARIO	**39**
NUDITY AND THE FOREIGN FILM—pictorial		**41**
RIBALD CLASSICS—fiction	BOCCACCIO	**46**

HUGH M. HEFNER, editor and publisher
RAY RUSSELL, associate editor
ARTHUR PAUL, art director
JOSEPH PACZEK, assistant art director
ELDON SELLERS, advertising manager

Playboy is published monthly by the HMH Publishing Co., Inc., 11 E. Superior, Chicago 11, Illinois. Postage must accompany all manuscripts and drawings submitted if they are to be returned and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials.

Contents copyrighted 1954 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission.

Printed in U.S.A. Any similarity between people and places is purely coincidental.

Subscriptions: In the U.S., its possessions, and Canada, $13.00 for three years; $10.00 for two years; $6.00 for one year, in advance. Elsewhere, $12.00 a year, in advance.

Credits: P. 6 "Appearance and Reality" from "Creatures of Circumstance," copyright 1947 by W. Somerset Maugham, published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.; P. 16-17 Orlando through Three Lions; P. 21 copyright 1951 by Jack Strausberg; P. 26-27 Jack and Jean Drebert, ACA; P. 30-31 from "Boola Boola" copyright 1949 by Julien Dedman, published by Coward-McCann, Inc.; P. 38 Orlando through Three Lions.

PLAYBOY

vol. 1, no. 11 — october, 1954

fiction

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The senator opened the door and found his mistress in bed with a stranger. And the stranger was wearing the senator's pajamas!

"Who is this young man?" he cried

I DO NOT VOUCH for the truth of this story, but it was told me by a professor of French literature at a celebrated university and he was a man of too high a character, I think, to have told it to me unless it were true. His practice was to draw the attention of his pupils to three French writers who in his opinion combined the qualities that are the mainsprings of the French character. By reading them, he said, you could learn so much about the French people that, if he had the power, he would not trust such of our rulers as have to deal with the French nation to enter upon their offices till they had passed a pretty stiff examination on their works. They are Rabelais, with his *gauloiserie*, which may be described as the ribaldry that likes to call a spade something more than a bloody shovel; La Fontaine, with his *bon sens*, which is just horse sense; and finally Corneille with his *panache*. This is translated in the dictionaries as the plume, the plume the knight at arms wore on his helmet, but metaphorically it seems to signify dignity and bravado, display and heroism, vainglory and pride. It was *le panache* that made the French gentleman at Fontenoy say to the officers of King George II, fire first, gentleman; it was *le panache* that wrung from Cambronne's bawdy lips at Waterloo the phrase: the guard dies but never surrenders; and it is *le panache* that urges an indigent French poet, awarded the Nobel prize, with a splendid gesture to give it all away. My professor was not a frivolous man and to his mind the story I am about to tell brought out so distinctly the three master qualities of the French that it had a high educational value.

I have called it *Appearance and Reality*. This is the title of what I suppose may be looked upon as the most important philosophical work that my country (right or wrong) produced in the Nineteenth Century. It is stiff but stimulating reading. It is written in excellent English, with considerable humour, and even though the lay reader is unlikely to follow with

understanding some of its very subtle arguments he has nevertheless the thrilling sensations of walking a spiritual tightrope over a metaphysical abyss, and he ends the book with a comfortable feeling that nothing matters a hang anyway. There is no excuse for my making use of the title of so celebrated a book except that it so admirably suits my story. Though Lisette was a philosopher only in the sense in which we are all philosophers, that she exercised thought in dealing with the problems of existence, her feeling for reality was so strong and her sympathy for appearance so genuine that she might almost claim to have established that reconciliation of irreconcilables at which the philosophers have for so many centuries been aiming. Lisette was French and she passed several hours of every working day dressing and undressing herself at one of the most expensive and fashionable establishments in Paris. A pleasant occupation for a young woman who was well aware that she had a lovely figure. She was in short a mannequin. She was tall enough to be able to wear a train with elegance and her hips were so slim that in sport clothes she could bring the scent of heather to your nostrils. Her long legs enabled her to wear pajamas with distinction and her slim waist, her little breasts, made the simplest bathing dress a ravishment. She could wear anything. She had a way of huddling herself in a chinchilla coat that made the most sensible persons admit that chinchilla was worth all the money it cost. Fat women, gross women, stumpy women, bony women, shapeless women, old women, plain women, sat in the comfortable armchairs and because Lisette looked so sweet bought the clothes that so admirably suited her. She had large brown eyes, a large red mouth and a very clear but slightly freckled skin. It was difficult for her to preserve that haughty, sullen and coldly indifferent demeanour that appears to be essential to the mannequin as she sails in with deliberate steps, turns round slowly and, with an air of contempt for the universe equalled only by the camel's, sails out. There was the suspicion of a twinkle in Lisette's large brown eyes and her red lips seemed to tremble as though on the smallest provocation they would break into a smile. It was the twinkle that attracted the attention of Monsieur Raymond Le Sueur.

He was sitting in a spurious Louis XVI chair by the side of his wife (in another) who had introduced him to come with her to see the private view of the spring fashions. This was a proof of Monsieur Le Sueur's amiable disposition, for he was an extremely busy man who, one would have thought, had many more important things to do than to sit for an hour and watch a dozen beautiful young women parade themselves in a bewildering variety of costumes. He could not have thought that any of them could possibly make his wife other than she was and she was a tall, angular woman of fifty, with features considerably larger than life size. He had not indeed married her for her looks and she had never, even in the first delirious days of their honeymoon, imagined that he had. He had married her in order to combine the flourishing manufactory of locomotives. The marriage had been a success. She had provided him with a son who could play tennis nearly as well as a professional, dance as well as a gigolo and hold his own at bridge with any of the experts; and a daughter whom he had been able to dower sufficiently to marry to a very nearly authentic prince. He had reason to be proud of his children. By perseverance and a reasonable integrity he had prospered sufficiently to gain the controling interest in a sugar refinery, a manufactory of motorcars and a newspaper; and finally he had been able to spend enough money to persuade the free and independent electorate of a certain district to send him to the Senate. He was a man of a dignified presence, a pleasing corpulence and a sanguine complexion, with a neat gray beard cut square, a bald head and a roll of fat at the back of his neck. You had no need to look at the red button that adorned his black coat to surmise that he was a person of consequence. He was a man who made up his mind quickly and when his wife left the dressmaker's to go and play bridge he parted from her saying that for the sake of exercise he would walk to the Senate where his duty to his country called him. He did not however go as far as this, but contented himself with taking his exercise up and down a back street into which he rightly surmised the young ladies of the dressmaker's establishment would emerge at the close of business hours. He had barely walked for twenty minutes when the appearance of a number of women in groups, some young and pretty, some not so young and far from pretty, apprised him that the moment for which he had been waiting was come, and in two or three minutes Lisette tripped into the street. The Senator was well aware that his appearance and his age made it unlikely that young women would find him attractive at first sight, but he had found that his wealth and his position counterbalanced these disadvantages. Lisette had a companion with her, which would possibly have embarrassed a man of less importance, but did not cause the Senator to hesitate for an instant. He went up to her, raising his hat politely but not so much as to show how bald he was, and bade her good evening.

"Bon soir, Mademoiselle," he said with an ingratiating smile.

She gave him the shortest possible look and, her full red lips just trembling with a smile, stiffened; she turned her head away and breaking into conversation with her friend, walked on with a very good assumption of supreme indifference. Far from disconcerted, the Senator turned round and followed the two girls at a distance of a few yards. They walked along the little back street, turned into the boulevard and at the Place de la Madeleine took a bus. The Senator was well satisfied. He had drawn a number of correct conclusions. The fact that she was obviously going home with a girl friend proved that she had no accredited admirer. The fact that she had turned away when he had accosted her showed that she was discreet and modest and well-behaved, which he liked young women to be when they were pretty; and her coat and skirt, the plain black hat and the rayon stockings proclaimed that she was poor and therefore virtuous. In those clothes she looked just as attractive as in the splendid garments he had seen her wearing before. He had a funny little feeling in his heart. He had not had that particular sensation, pleasureable and yet oddly painful, for several years, but he recognized it at once.

"It's love, by blue," he muttered.

He had never expected to feel it again and squaring his shoulders he walked on with a confident step. He walked to the offices of a private detective and there left instructions that inquiries should be made about a young person called Lisette, who worked as a mannequin at such and such an address; and then, remembering that at the Senate they were discussing the American Debt, took a cab to the impressive building, entered the library where there was an armchair he very much liked and had a pleasant nap. The information he had asked for reached him three days later. It was cheap at the price. Mademoiselle Lisette Larion lived with a widowed aunt in a two-room apartment in the district of Paris known as the Batignolles. Her father, a wounded hero of the great war, had a *bureau de tabac* in a small country town in the Southwest of France. The rent of the flat was two thousand francs. She led a regular life, but was fond of going to the pictures, was not known to have a lover and was nineteen years old. She was well spoken of by the concierge of the apartments and well liked by her companions at the shop. Obviously she was a very respectable young women and the Senator could

(*continued on page* 13)

COLLEGE DRINKING SONGS

HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said,
To the lady in red:
"Get out! You can't stay where you are!"

Oh, she wept a sad tear
In her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper
Stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know.
About the ways of college boys
And how they come and go,
(Mostly go).
Now age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

PADDY MURPHY

The night that Paddy Murphy died,
I never shall forget!
The whole damn town got stinking drunk,
And some ain't sober yet.

There is one thing they did that night
That filled my heart with fear:
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it in the beer.

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy,
That's how they showed their honor and their pride.
That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy,
On the night that Paddy died.

TO BE SUNG WITH GOOD FELLOWS AND PLENTY OF BREW

MIMI THE COLLEGE WIDOW

Mimi the college widow,
Pride of the University.
Mimi the college widow,
Taught all the boys anatomy.
Mimi the college widow,
To know her is to love her, so they say.
She laid the cornerstone of knowledge,
In fact, the whole damn college,
That's Mimi the college widow.

Far beyond Cayuga's waters,
There's an awful smell—Cornell!
Mimi met a football hero,
Shot the team to hell.

He was a rambling wreck from Georgia tech.
And a helluva engineer.
He must have been an architect,
'Cause he left his blueprints here.
Where?
Here!
Oh.

She was loyal to you, Illinois,
'Till you gave her a boy, Illinois.
She thought you were her fame protector,
But she did not expect a
Victory from you, Illinois.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl
I've ever had in bed.
She drinks, she smokes, she tells dirty jokes,
There's not a clean thought in her head.
She thinks that gin makes the world go 'round,
She can drink more than you or I.
Oh, the moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams,
She's the sweetheart of six other guys.

NOTRE DAME DRINKING SONG

Beer, beer for old Notre Dame,
You bring the whiskey, I'll bring champagne.
Send the freshman out for gin,
Don't let a sober sophomore in.
We never stagger, we never fall,
We sober up on wood alcohol.
While our loyal sons are marching,
Back to the bar for more.

FRATERNITY MAN

Here's how to tell a good fraternity man:
Tailor-made clothes and a pipe in his hand.
He has that haughty air: Attitude: I don't care.
Gee, but he's debonair. Oh, you frat man!

To polish the apple is his favorite sport,
That's how he gets his grades — C — C — C.
Daddy thinks it's funny, how he spends his money.
For he's a fraternity, talk about fraternity,
He's a fraternity man!
Oh, yeah?
Well —

Here's how to tell a good fraternity man,
White buckskin shoes and a beer in his hand.
Never a date on time, always the same old line.
Always a parking fine. Oh, you frat man!

He knows just how to bum your last cigaret,
And blow those rings of smoke — smoke — smoke — smoke.
Gets his pin on Sunday: out again on Monday,
'Cause he's a fraternity, talk about fraternity,
He's a fraternity man!

MOTHER

M is for the Many times you made me,
O is for the Other times you tried.

T is for those Tourist cabin weekends,
H is for the Hell that's in your eyes.
E is for the Everlasting passion,
R is for the Reek you made of me.
Put them all together, they spell
MOTHER,
And that is what I think I'm going
to be.

F is for the Funny little letter,
A is for this Answer to your note.
T is for the Tearful, sad occasion,
H is for your Hope that I'm a goat.
E is for the Ease with which I made you,
R is for the Rube you think I'll be.
Put them all together, they spell FATHER,
But you're crazy if you think it's me!

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Oh, what a time I had with Minnie the mermaid,
Minnie the mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea.
There among the corals,
Minnie lost her morals,
My, but she was mighty good to me.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Two twin beds, and just one of them mussed.

Oh, you can easily see she's not my mother,
'Cause my mother's forty-nine.
And you can easily see she's not my sister,
'Cause I wouldn't show my sister such a helluva good time.
And you can easily see she's not my girl friend,
'Cause my girl friend's too refined.
She's just a helluva good kid, who never cared what she did.
She's a personal friend of mine.

APPEARANCE (*continued from page* 8)

not but think that she was eminently suited to solace the leisure moments of a man who wanted relaxation from the cares of state and the exacting pressure of Big Business.

It is unnecessary to relate in detail the steps Monsieur Le Sueur took to achieve the end he had in view. He was too important and too busy to occupy himself with the matter personally, but he had a confidential secretary who was very clever at dealing with electors who had not made up their minds how to vote, and who certainly knew how to put before a young woman who was honest but poor the advantages that might ensue of she were lucky enough to secure the friendship of such a man as his employer. The confidential secretary paid the widowed aunt, Madame Saladin by name, a visit and told her that Monsieur Le Sueur, always abreast of the times, had lately begun to take an interest in films and was indeed about to engage in the production of a picture. (This shows how much a clever brain can make use of a fact that an ordinary person would have passed over as insignificant.) Monsieur Le Sueur had been struck by the appearance of Mademoiselle Lisette at the dressmaker's and the brilliant way she wore her clothes and it had occurred to him that she might very well suit a part he had it in mind for her to play. (Like all intelligent people the Senator always stuck as close to the truth as he could.) The confidential secretary then invited Madame Saladin and her niece to a dinner where they could make one another's acquaintance and the Senator could judge whether Mademoiselle Lisette had the aptitude for the screen that he suspected. Madame Saladin said she would ask her niece, but for her part seemed to think the suggestion quite reasonable.

When Madame Saladin put the proposition before Lisette and explained the rank, dignity and importance of their generous host, that young person shrugged her pretty shoulders disdainfully.

"*Cette vielle carpe*," she said, of which the not quite literal translation is: that old trout.

"What does it matter if he's an old trout if he gives you a part?" said Madame Saladin.

"*Et ta soeur*," said Lisette.

This phrase, which of course means: and your sister, and sounds harmless enough, and even pointless, is a trifle vulgar and is used by well-brought-up young women, I think, only if they want to shock. It expresses the most forcible unbelief and the only correct translation into the vernacular is too coarse for my chaste pen.

"Anyhow we should get a slap-up dinner," said Madame Saladin. "After all you're not a child any more."

"Where did he say we should dine?"

"The Chateau de Madrid. Everyone knows it's the most expensive restaurant in the world."

There is no reason why it should not be. The food is very good, the cellar is famous, and its situation makes it on a fine evening of early summer an enchanting place to eat at. A very pretty dimple appeared on Lisette's cheek and a smile on her large red mouth. She had perfect teeth.

"I can borrow a dress from the shop," she murmured.

A few days later the Senator's confidential secretary fetched them in a taxi and drove Madame Saladin and her engaging niece to the Bois de Boulogne. Lisette looked ravishing in one of the firm's most successful models and Madame Saladin extremely respectable in her own black satin and a hat that Lisette had made her for the occasion. The secretary introduced the ladies to Monsieur Le Sueur who greeted them with the benign dignity of the politician who is behaving graciously to the wife and daughter of a valued constituent; and this is exactly what in his astute way he thought people at adjacent tables who knew him would imagine his guests were. The dinner passed off very agreeably, and less than a month later Lisette moved into a charming little flat at a convenient distance both from her place of business and from the Senate. It was decorated in the modern style by a fashionable upholsterer. Monsieur Le Sueur wished Lisette to continue to work. It suited him very well that she should have something to do during the hours that he was obliged to devote to affairs, for it would keep her out of mischief, and he very well knew that a woman who has nothing to do all day spends much more money than one who has an occupation. An intelligent man thinks of these things.

But extravagance was a vice to which Lisette was strange. The Senator was fond and generous. It was a source of satisfaction to him that Lisette began very soon to save money. She ran her apartment with thrift and bought her clothes at trade prices, and every month sent a certain sum home to her heroic father who purchased little plots of land with it. She continued to lead a quiet and modest life and Monsieur Le Sueur was pleased to learn from the concierge, who had a son she wanted to place in a government office, that Lisette's only visitors were her aunt and one or two girls from the shop.

The Senator had never been happier in his life. It was very satisfactory to him to think that even in this world a good action had its reward, for was it not from pure kindness that he had accompanied his wife to the dressmaker's on that afternoon when they were discussing the American Debt at the Senate and thus seen for the first time the charming Lisette? The more he knew her the more he doted on her. She was a delightful companion. She was gay and debonair. Her intelligence was respectable and she could listen cleverly when he discussed business matters or affairs of state with her. She rested him when he was weary and cheered him when he was depressed. She was glad to see him when he came and he came frequently, generally from five till seven, and sorry when he went away. She gave him the impression that he was not only her lover but her friend. Sometimes they dined together in her apartment, and the well-appointed meal, the genial comfort, gave him a keen appreciation of the charm of domesticity. His friends told the Senator he looked twenty years younger. He felt it. He was conscious of his good fortune. He could not but feel, however, that after a life of honest toil and public service it was only his due.

It was thus a shock to him after things had been proceeding so happily for nearly two years, on coming back to Paris early one Sunday morning unexpectedly after a visit to his constituency which was to last over the week-end, when he left himself into the apartment with his latchkey, thinking since it was the day of rest to find Lisette in bed, to discover her having breakfast in her bedroom *tete-a-tete* with a young gentleman he had never seen before who was wearing his (the Senator's) brand-new pajamas. Lisette was surprised to see him. Indeed she gave a distinct start.

"*Tiens*," she said. Where have you sprung from? I didn't expect you till tomorrow."

"The Ministry has fallen," he answered mechanically. "I have been sent for. I am to be offered the Ministry of the Interior." But that was not what he wanted to say at all. He gave the gentleman who was wearing his pajamas a furious look. "Who is that young man?" he cried.

Lisette's large red mouth broke into a most alluring smile.

"My lover," she answered.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" shouted the Senator. "I know he's your lover."

"Why do you ask then?"

Monsieur Le Sueur was a man of action. He went straight up to Lisette and smacked her hard on her right cheek with his left hand and then smacked her hard on the left cheek

(*continued on page* 18)

"Look, Ginger—George and I are engaged!"

CINEMA SCOOP

HOLLYWOOD and The GLADIATORS

SATIRE BY RAY RUSSELL

EXCITED BY THE CURRENT RASH OF ROMAN FILMS, PLAYBOY HAS DECIDED TO PRODUCE ONE OF ITS OWN

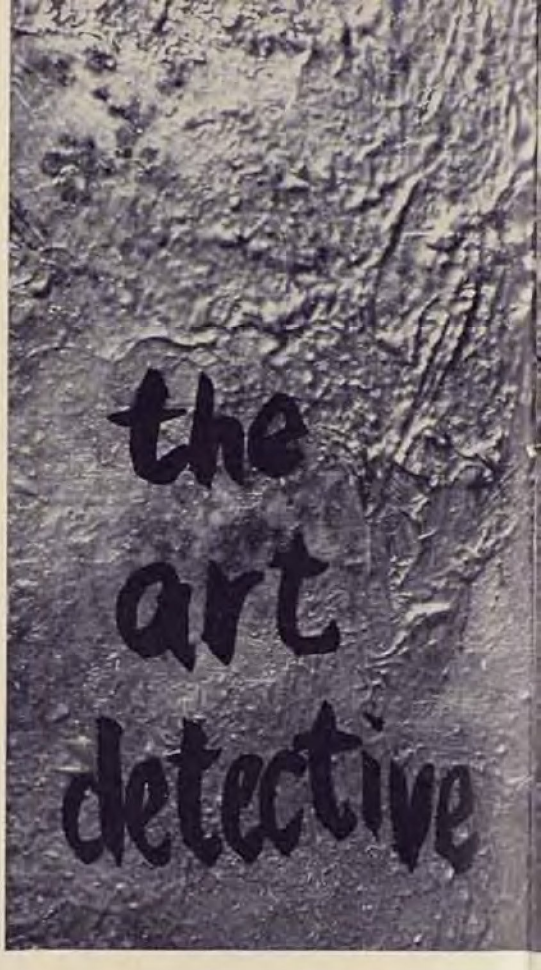
IF NO ONE objects too strongly, we would like to nominate Romulus and Remus as the patron saints of the film industry. The reason? Romulus and Remus were the founders of Rome, and without Rome, where would the film industry be? We submit the following evidence:

Back in the diaper-days of movies (1902), Pathe, a toddling French studio, made a flickery attempt to film *Quo Vadis*, the Henryk Sienkiewicz novelization of one fraction of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. In 1912, an Italian outfit filmed the same story. In 1925, Emil Jannings rolled his eyes as Nero in a third version, and not long ago, MGM subjected Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr and a long-suffering public to yet a fourth filming of the weighty tome.

Woven in, out and between these *Quo Vadises* were miles of celluloid from Hollywood and elsewhere, bearing such titles as *Ben Hur, The Sign of the Cross, Fabiola, Androcles and the Lion, The Robe, Demetrius and the Gladiators,* etc., etc., etc. These noble pageants have invariably been cut from the same seemingly endless bolt of cloth. All are concerned with persecuted Christians, depraved pagans, maidens in distress, orgies of various temperatures and, by way of climax, the burning of Rome or a gory carnival, or both. Indeed, all the Roman extravaganzas could be dumped into the same cauldron, stirred vigorously, and redistributed without anyone being the wiser. Like this:

(*continued on page* 20)

the art detective



SHELDON KECK MATCHES WITS

When the man of means decorates an apartment or home, he may wish to hang a painting or two of some real value. In such a mood, with checkbook in hand, a conservative fellow with both intelligence and taste may find himself suckered into something akin to the purchasing of the Brooklyn Bridge. For he is fair game for the art forgeries offered by crooks so clever they often victimize real art collectors and even the curators of major art museums.

The art forger is no ordinary conman. He is a talented artist who can claim a bond with Michelangelo himself. For the great Italian sculptor was not above creating "antique" statues, burying them among the ruins of Rome, then "discovering" them and selling them for sizeable chunks of pocket money.

The modern art forger can often wield a brush so cleverly, he can produce a Van Gogh that might fool Vincent himself. Chances are it wouldn't fool Sheldon Keck of the Brooklyn Museum, though.

Keck is an art detective. His job is to spot the many phonies that make their way into the respectable company of the bona fide masterpieces. And he would be the first to admit that his adversaries are extraordinarily clever and talented men — even if they leave something to be desired in the integrity department.

Art forgers have moved with the times, turning out fakes that are becoming more and more flawless. There was a time when a good forger might pull a boner like using Prussian Blue in the copying of a pre-Seventeenth Century painting. Now he would realize Prussian Blue first made its appearance in the Eighteenth Century.

With forgers growing ever more shrewd, Keck's job becomes increasingly difficult. Besides his own knowledge of painting, he has come to rely heavily on scientific aids like the X-ray, ultra-violet light and paint chemistry.

Some forgeries are so clever that X-ray inspection is the only way to tell them from the original paintings. The X-ray reveals initial brush strokes, outlines and tentative sketches that, in a genuine painting, bear the unmistakable stamp of the old master. This preliminary work is the "subconscious" of the painting, and, like the subconscious mind, it often reveals the true personality more accurately than the surface facade. It's almost impossible for the "subconscious" of a forgery to have the same authentic touch.

Ultra-violet light has helped Keck foil many a forger. It tripped up a would-be Picasso recently. The forger had executed a beautiful copy of the *Absinthe Drinker*, a painting out of Picasso's turn-of-the-century period. When subjected to the ultra-violet rays, however, a strange anachronism came to light. Under the pseudo-Picasso was another painting, a modern abstraction in a style that had not come into being until *after* the turn-of-the-century.

Chemical analysis also plays an important part in the detection of art frauds. Before the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, paint pigments were considerably denser than those of recent years because they were ground by hand. This difference in density can be detected and is a reasonably sure way of determining a painting's age.

Not all of Keck's methods are so modern, however. One of his most reliable is a little trick art detectives have used for years. While peering through a powerful binocular microscope, Keck gently pricks the paint-layer of a suspected painting with a common pin. Paint less than thirty to fifty years old will leave a smooth, round hole. Older pigment will tend to crack inward.

An art detective must be extremely familiar with the lives of the great painters. Familiar enough to say, "Velasquez was sick in bed that winter and did no painting. This picture must be forged." Or, "Corot was at Cannes on such-and-such a date, hence the canvas signed 'Corot, Paris' is false."

Sometimes the artist himself can be fooled. Keck tells of Parisian art detective André Schoeller, whose friend claimed to own a genuine Monet. Schoeller gently informed him that it was a forgery. Indignant, his friend went to Monet himself, who was still alive. The old man looked at the canvas and assured the owner it was indeed a genuine Monet. But Schoeller was stubborn. "No," he insisted, "Monet is wrong. This picture is not his." Again the great master was consulted. And this time he remembered:

WITH MEN LIKE MICHELANGELO

many years before, a friend of his had copied a picture of Monet's simply as an exercise. This was the picture. Schoeller was too polite to say, "I told you so."

During and after World War II, Keck was entrusted with the protection of art and monuments in Holland and Germany. Some of his most interesting yarns, therefore, involve those countries. There's the one about the German city of Lübeck which, in 1951 unveiled "the greatest art discovery of the century." It was a series of Thirteenth Century frescoes, uncovered during the course of restoration work on one of Lübeck's war-torn churches. Experts from all over the world made pilgrimages to Lübeck; a scholarly book on the great finding was published; the German government even issued a set of commemorative postage stamps on which a portion of the frescoes was reproduced.

Just last year, another discovery

(*continued on page* 38)

Above & left: Art expert Keck finds a binocular microscope a great aid during chemical analysis of pigments and when pricking a painting's surface with a pin to determine its age.

APPEARANCE (*continued from page 13*)

with his right hand.

"Brute," screamed Lisette.

He turned to the young man who had watched this scene of violence with some embarrasment and, drawing himself to his full height, flung out his arm and with a dramatic finger pointed to the door.

"Get out," he cried. "Get out."

One would have thought, such was the commanding aspect of a man who was accustomed to sway a crowd of angry taxpayers and who could dominate with his frown an annual meeting of disappointed shareholders, that the young man would have made a bolt for the door; but he stood his ground, irresolutely it is true, but he stood his ground; he gave Lisette an appealing look and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"What are you waiting for?" shouted the Senator. "Do you want me to use force?"

"He can't go out in his pajamas," said Lisette.

"They're not his pajamas, they're my pajamas."

"He's waiting for his clothes."

Monsieur Le Sueur looked round and on the chair behind him, flung down in a disorderly fashion, was a variety of masculine garments. The Senator gave the young man a look of contempt.

"You may take your clothes, Monsieur," he said with cold disdain.

The young man picked them up in his arms, gathered up the shoes that were lying about the floor, and quickly left the room. Monsieur Le Sueur had a considerable gift of oratory. Never had he made better use of it than now. He told Lisette what he thought of her. It was not flattering. He painted her ingratitude in the blackest colours. He ransacked an extensive vocabulary in order to find opprobrious names to call her. He called all the powers of heaven to witness that never had a woman repaid with such gross deception an honest man's belief in her. In short he said everything that anger, wounded vanity and disappointment suggested to him. Lisette did not seek to defend herself. She listened in silence, looking down and mechanically crumbling the roll which the Senator's appearance had prevented her from finishing. He flung an irritated glance at her plate.

"I was so anxious that you should be the first to hear my great news that I came straight here from the station. I was expecting to have my *petit dejeuner* with you, sitting at the end of your bed."

"My poor dear, haven't you had your breakfast? I'll order some for you at once."

"I don't want any."

"Nonsense. With the great responsibility you are about to assume you must keep up your strength."

She rang and when the maid came told her to bring some hot coffee and another roll. It was brought and Lisette poured him out coffee and milk. He would not touch it. She buttered a roll for him. He shrugged his shoulders and began to eat. Meanwhile he uttered a few remarks on the perfidy of women. She remained silent.

"At all events it is something," he said, "that you have not the effrontery to attempt to excuse yourself. You know that I am not a man who can be ill-used with impunity. The soul of generosity when people behave well to me, I am pitiless when they behave badly. The very moment I have drunk my coffee I shall leave this apartment forever."

Lisette shrugged her shoulders.

"I will tell you now that I had prepared a surprise for you. I made up my mind to celebrate the second anniversary of our union by settling a sum of money on you sufficient to give you a modest independence if anything happened to me."

"How much?" asked Lisette sombrely.

"A million francs."

She sighed a little. Suddenly something hit the Senator on the back of the head and he gave a start.

"What is that?" he cried.

"He's returning your pajamas."

The young man had opened the door, flung the pajamas at the Senator's head, and quickly closed it again. The Senator disengaged himself from the silk trousers that clung round his neck.

"What a way to return them! It is obvious that your friend has no education."

"Of course he has not got your distinction," murmured Lisette.

"And has he my intelligence?"

"Oh, no."

"Is he rich?"

"Penniless."

"Then, name of a name, what is it you see in him?"

"He's young," smiled Lisette.

The Senator looked down at his plate and a tear rose in his eye and rolled down his cheek into the coffee. Lisette gave him a kindly look.

"My poor friend, one can't have everything in this life," she said.

"I knew I was not young. But my situation, my fortune, my vitality. I thought it made up. There are women who only like men of a certain age. There are celebrated actresses who look upon it as an honor to be the friend of a Minister. I am too well brought up to throw your origins in your face, but the fact remains that you are a mannequin and I took you out of an apartment of which the rent is only two thousand francs a year. It was a step up for you."

"The daughter of poor but honest parents, I have no reason to be ashamed of my origins and it is not because I have earned my living in a humble sphere that you have the right to reproach me."

"Do you love this boy?"

"Yes."

"And not me?"

"You too. I love you both, but I love you differently. I love you because you are so distinguished and your conversation is instructive and interesting. I love you because you are kind and generous. I love him because his eyes are so big and his hair waves and he dances divinely. It's very natural."

"You know that in my position I cannot take you to places where they dance and I daresay when he's as old as I am he'll have no more hair than I have."

"That may well be true," Lisette agreed, but she did not think it much mattered.

"What will your aunt, the respectable Madame Saladin, say to you when she hears what you have done?"

"It will not be a surprise to her."

"Do you mean to say that worthy woman countenances your conduct? *O tempora! O mores!* How long then has this been going on?"

"Since I first went to the shop. He travels for a big silk firm in Lyons. He came in one day with his samples. We liked the look of one another."

"But your aunt was there to defend you from temptations to which a young girl is exposed to in Paris. She should never have allowed you to have anything to do with this young man."

"I did not ask her permission."

"It is enough to bring the gray hairs of your poor father to the grave. Had you no thought of that wounded hero whose services to his country have been rewarded with a license to sell tobacco? Do not forget that as Minister of the Interior the department is under my control. I should be within my rights if I revoked the license on account of your flagrant immorality."

"I know you are too great a gentleman to do a dastardly thing like that."

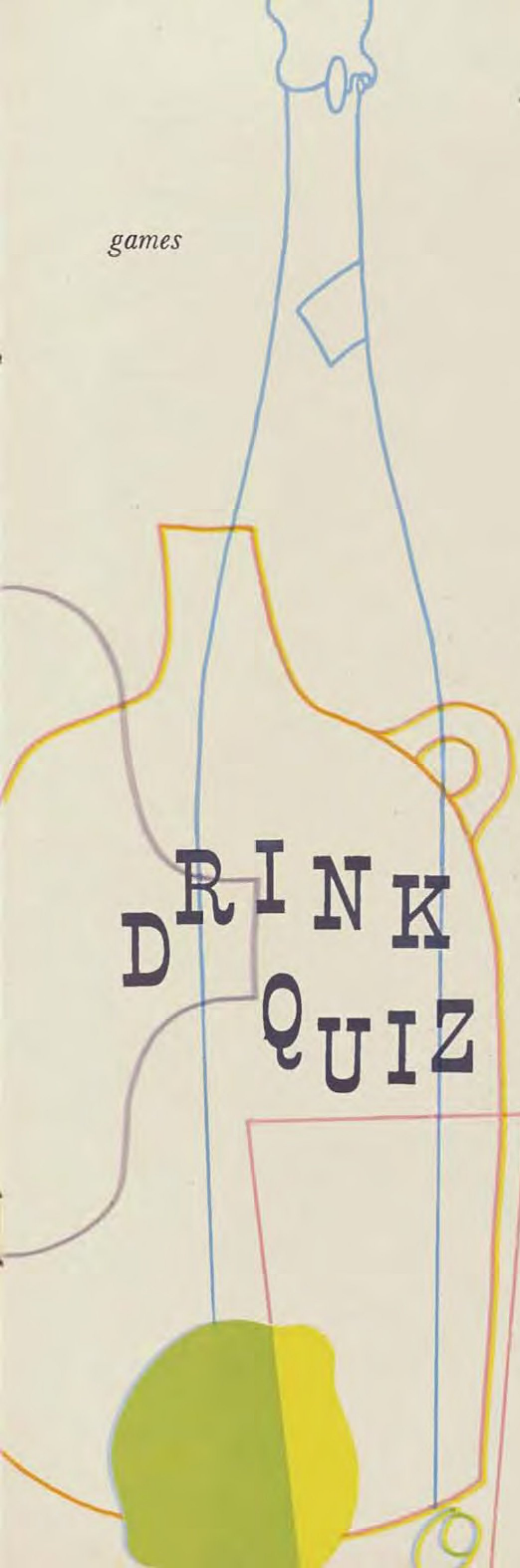
He sighed.

"Don't be afraid, I will never stoop so low as to revenge myself on one who has deserved well of his country for the misdeeds of a creature my sense of dignity forces me to despise."

He went on with his interrupted breakfast. Lisette did not speak and there was silence between them. But, his appetite satisfied, his mood changed; he began to feel sorry for himself rather than angry with her, and with a strange ignorance of woman's heart

(*continued on page 24*)

games



DRINK QUIZ

By JOSEPH C. STACEY

HERE'S AN ALCOHOL test you can rate high on without being sent to the pokey. The names of thirteen intoxicating beverages are listed below. The idea is to match them up with the proper descriptions. A teetotaler probably won't be able to handle more than four or five; nine or ten rates you a very social drinker, and if you get all thirteen you're a real boozer.

1. LAGER	___**a.**	An alcoholic liquor distilled from wine.
2. BEER	___**b.**	Holland gin.
3. SAMSHU	___**c.**	A liquor made in Russia from rye, or sometimes from barley or potatoes.
4. ARRACK	___**d.**	A liquor distilled from fermented molasses or cane-juice.
5. GIN	___**e.**	A very dark brown heavy English malt liquor resembling beer.
6. SAKE	___**f.**	A brandy made from apples.
7. VODKA	___**g.**	A beer containing few hops.
8. RUM	___**h.**	An alcoholic liquor distilled in China from rice or millet.
9. BOURBON	___**i.**	An aromatic liquor concocted from various grains and flavored with juniper-berries.
10. APPLEJACK	___**j.**	An alcoholic liquor fermented from malt and hops.
11. BRANDY	___**k.**	A whiskey distilled from Indian corn and rye.
12. SCHNAPPS	___**l.**	A Japanese liquor distilled from rice.
13. PORTER	___**m.**	A strong Oriental drink concocted from the juice of the coco-palm, etc.

DRINK QUIZ ANSWERS

1-g, 2-j, 3-h, 4-m, 5-i, 6-l, 7-c, 8-d, 9-k, 10-f, 11-a, 12-b, 13-e.

GLADIATORS *(continued from page 15)*

FADE-IN: LONGSHOT:

Rome, 69 B.C. The sumptuous palace of Emperor Slobbius.

Marble.

Gems.

Floating gardens.

Fountains spouting wine supported by gilded Christians.

Fountains supported by gilded Christians spouting wine.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO GROUP SHOT:

Emperor Slobbius, enjoying a pedicure performed by two lovely slavegirls dressed in Band-Aids. His mother, Lagrippina, is speaking.

LAGRIPPINA: "Slobbius, I forbid you to have anything to do with that Christian girl, Frygia."

SLOBBIUS: "Mother, don't be tiresome."

LAGRIPPINA: "I'm speaking for your own good, my son."

SLOBBIUS: (turning to a spidery synthesis of Iago, Mephistopheles and Mr. Coffee Nerves, who hovers near his left elbow): "Droolio. . ."

DROOLIO: "Sire?"

SLOBBIUS: "Can't you shut the old girl up?"

LAGRIPPINA (the mother ever): "Dear, you *mustn't* split your infinitives."

DROOLIO: "Certainly, sire." (Stabs Lagrippina.) "Anything else, sire?"

SLOBBIUS: "Yes. Clean up the debris, dismiss these pretties, and —" (Here, we cut to a close-up as his eyes gleam and his nostrils flap.) "—bring me Frygia!"

DROOLIO (strikes a gong. A girl is ushered in by two gigantic Nubians clad in spearmint leaves): "She is here, my lord."

SLOBBIUS: "What efficiency! Oh, before you leave, Droolio, light a few Christians, will you? It's getting rather dark."

(As Droolio obeys, the rays of a dozen hidden Klieg lights crash, with great subtlety, upon the scene. Slobbius and Frygia are now alone.)

FRYGIA: "Well?" (She is the most ravishing Christian of them all: flaxen hair that falls like sea-foam upon her alabaster shoulders; eyes as blue as the Mediterranean and twice as wide; two cherry-red, bee-stung lips, courtesy of Revlon; and a snow-white skin as pure as the heart that chastely beats within her foam-rubber bosom.)

SLOBBIUS: "Frygia, you certainly are built."

(Here, we should point out that Frygia is naked, save for the merest chiffon draped over a diaphanous chemise which conceals but little of her long flannel underwear.)

FRYGIA: "Why have you summoned me?"

SLOBBIUS (dripping saliva): "Need you ask?"

FRYGIA: "You mean. . ."

SLOBBIUS: "Precisely."

(She spits in his face and turns on her heels to go.)

SLOBBIUS (restraining her with a slug-like hand): "Or do you prefer—*the arena?*"

FRYGIA (her false lashes bristling): "Yes, Slobbius! Rather than be profaned by your slug-like hands, yes, Slobbius, I prefer—the arena!"

FAST DISSOLVE as the musical score invites our divided attention. This music, written especially for the film, is an original composition pleasantly reminiscent of the *Roman Carnival Overture, Entry of the Gladiators, The Fountains of Rome* and, oddly, *The Polovetzian Dances.* It will soon be available on an LP disc.

DISSOLVE IN: A longshot of the great arena. Cast of thousands. Cheering. Much waving of hankies.

CUT TO: Slobbius' private box.

SLOBBIUS (swallowing an anchovy-stuffed olive): "Hand me that tray of salted almonds, will you?"

LAGRIPPINA: "Yes, dear."

(NOTE: The above is a discrepancy in editing. Lagrippina, of course, was killed in the last sequence. Few movie-goers will notice this *faux pas,* however, and those who do might be able to rationalize the shot as a flashback. *You* might try that, too.)

CUT TO: The arena again. Procession of tattoed elephants. Parade of highly polished Nubians. Lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, dachshunds. Gladiators versus rhinoceri. Gladiators versus gladiators. Abandoned dancing. Gladiators versus dancers. This goes on for quite some time, to fill up the ten minutes of highly salaried music.

SLOBBIUS (raising his hand): "Enough preliminaries! Let the main event begin!"

Frygia, bound to a pole, is carried in. The pole is hammered into the ground. Her golden tresses fall in disarray about her face. Tears roll down her pallid cheeks. She blushes—and little wonder, since she is naked, save for a triple layer of inch-thick rope which swaths her from larynx to toenails, leaving the remainder bare to every eye.

CUT TO SLOBBIUS' PRIVATE BOX. The Emperor is flanked by four stalwart members of the Praetorian Guard—Brutus, Cassius, Marcus, and Pincus.

SLOBBIUS (swallowing an olive-stuffed anchovy): "Toothsome morsel, eh, Pincus?"

PINCUS: "The anchovy, sire?"

SLOBBIUS: "No, you cretin! The girl, Frygia!"

PINCUS (turning his eyes to the arena, in horror): "Frygia!!"

(Pincus is the handsomest Roman-type soldier in Hollywood. His face is almost an exact replica of a Roman coin. So faithful is this resemblance that we must take care to photograph him only in profile: from the front, his face is even as *thin* as a Roman coin.)

PINCUS: "But, sire—what are they going to do with her?"

SLOBBIUS (leering damply): "She rejected me. Perhaps she will prefer the ardent embraces of—a gorilla!" (Laughs maniacally.) "Humorous, eh?"

PINCUS: "Killing." (Laughs maniacally.)

But as he turns to the camera, we hear the laughter die in his throat. Excellent actor that he is, his quivering nether lip, straining eyebrows, and rapidly moistening orbs convey to us a bit of breath-taking exposition: namely, Pincus loves Frygia. Unable to bear the sight of the impending atrocity, he turns and stumbles blindly away.

A blast of trumpets bids the crowd clam up. Silence (except for the musical score which is now amusing itself with snare-drum rolls and fiddles in tremolo) reigns. All eyes turn.

From a door below the packed bleachers, a gorilla lopes ominously. His furry fingertips brush the ground. He searches for a flea, finds it, flicks it at the nearest gladiator, then drops his peepers on Frygia. One savage whinny of delight escapes him. He paws the ground and blows steam from his nostrils. With one brutish arm in mid-air and the other on his right hip, he skips toward her as the crowd yells in anticipation. Milking the house, the beast stops to salute Slobbius with a sporty gesture, then continues towards his fair and helpless prey.

To the swelling frenzy of the mob, the gorilla unwinds the quarter-mile of hemp from the screaming Frygia. As the last coils fall away, the camera shyly averts its eyes to a longshot of the beastie hoisting Frygia's stand-in on his shoulder and toting her through the door like so much barley.

The crowd applauds. Slobbius fiendishly exults at the thought of Frygia's fate and asks for the antipasto.

CUT TO: INTERIOR: THE ARENA DRESSING ROOMS.

Entering, the gorilla sets Frygia down.

GORILLA: "Fear not, my love."

And with this, the monster whips off a gorilla-like headpiece to reveal—

FRYGIA: "Pincus!"

PINCUS (grinning): "Yes, Frygia—and in the nick of time!"

He rapidly divests himself of the rest of the costume. Frygia, at the sight of this, goes into Victorian vapors and crumbles to the floor. Disturbed, Pincus bends over her and rubs her wrists. With the gorilla-suit pared away, he is naked, save for—

Wait a minute! Cut! Hold everything! Call Costumes at once! No *wonder* the poor maid swooned!

amusing tales of the gridiron

BLOCK THAT YOK!

sports BY JACK STRAUSBERG

selected from his book of sports stories, "Now I'll Tell One."

ALTHOUGH it's not considered normal for football players to catch their own passes or literally be swallowed up by the earth, these and other odd incidents, just as amusing, have actually taken place on American gridirons.

The guy who caught his own pass was Pete Butler of Teachers' College at Greeley, back in 1930. Trailing Colorado College during the closing minutes of play by a 7-0 score, Pete began heaving long desperation passes around the field in an attempt to tie the score. After missing fire on a couple of wild ones, he finally threw the ball far down the field, where members of both squads were waiting for it. The ball bounced crazily from one pair of hands to another, being handled by several players before one of the Teachers finally managed to grab it out of the air and continue over the goal line for the tying touchdown.

That's right: the pass receiver was Pete Butler, who had started down the field after throwing the ball and had caught his own pass to tie up the game.

• • •

In the days when Bronco Nagurski had the rep of being the toughest powerhouse in his league, the Chicago Bears—Bronc's team—met the Green Bay Packers. On punt formation, Red Grange was instructed to hit Cal Hubbard, 260 pound Green Bay tackle, and throw him off balance, with Bronco charging on through to finish the job of protecting the kicker.

Late in the game, Hubbard pleaded with Red for a favor. "I'd like to meet Nagurski head-on just once, to see if he's really as tough as they say he is. You be a good guy and forget your block this time, Red, and I promise not to block the punt."

The arrangement was all right with the Ghost, and on the next punt formation he swept past Hubbard and went down field. There was a loud thud behind Red as two giant bodies collided. Looking back, he saw Bronco not far behind him, and Cal Hubbard was picking himself off the ground behind the line of scrimmage.

After the play was completed, Hubbard hobbled up to the line and said with a pained expression, "Well, Red, that's all I wanted to know. Now go back to your regular blocking assignment."

• • •

Jim Conzelman, of the old Chicago Cardinals, recalls an incident from the days when he was player-coach of the pro team. Conzelman used to make his substitutions by yelling

(continued on page 45)

"We'll never be able to use this scene, but what the hell, keep shooting!"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two farmers were discussing their sons' progress in the big city university. Ezra said, "I don't rightly understand them *degrees* the boys are workin' fer. Do you, Cy?"

"Reckon so," replied Cy, modestly. "First one they get is called a B. S. And you know what that means."

Being a man of the world, Ezra knew.

Cy went on: "Well, sir, they work a little harder and they get this here M. S. That means More of the Same."

Ezra nodded.

"Then comes the hard part. They study night and day, put in years of readin', write all kinds of papers, and then, if they're lucky, they get the highest one of 'em all. The Ph. D."

"And what does that stand fer?" asked Ezra.

"Piled Higher and Deeper."

While dancing with a dapper Englishman, the American girl's brooch became unfastened and slid down the back of her gown.

She told her escort about it and asked him to retrieve the lost article. Somewhat embarrassed, but determined to please, he reached cautiously down the back of her gown. After a moment, he said, "Awfully sorry, but I can't seem to locate it."

"Try further down," she advised. He did, beginning to blush. Still no brooch. "Down still further," she ordered.

Looking around and discovering that he was being watched by every couple on the dance floor, the Englishman blushed even deeper and whispered, "I feel a perfect ass."

"*Never mind that!*" she snapped. "Just get the brooch!"

Girls get minks the same way minks get minks.

Rationing, we're told, is pretty much a thing of the past in Great Britain now. But when the austerity program was in full swing, eggs were very hard to get. One store received its allotment and put a sign in the window, announcing: *Sale of Eggs Restricted to Expectant Mothers.*

"Put a dozen eggs under the counter for me," requested one young lady. "I'll call for them in the morning."

Did you ever notice what *motel* spells backwards?

A performing octopus could play the piano, the zither and the piccolo, and his trainer wanted him to add the bagpipe to his accomplishments. With this in mind, a bagpipe was placed in the octopus' room and the trainer awaited results.

Hours passed, but no bagpipe music was heard. Since the talented octopus usually learned quickly, the trainer was disturbed. Opening the door the next morning, he asked the octopus, "Have you learned to play that thing yet?"

"*Play* it?!" retorted the octopus. "I've been trying to *lay* it all night!"

We've just received the results of a survey conducted to ascertain the various reasons men get out of bed in the middle of the night. According to the report, 2% are motivated by a desire to visit the bathroom and 3% have an urge to raid the refrigerator .

The other 95% get up to go home.

Maybe you heard about the drunk who was staggering through the park and saw a young athlete practising pushups. "Washamatter, Mac?" inquired the lush. "Lose your girl?"

APPEARANCE *(continued from page 18)*

he thought to arouse Lisette's remorse by exhibiting himself as an object of pity.

"It is hard to break a habit to which one has grown accustomed. It was a relief and a solace to me to come here when I could snatch a moment from my many occupations. Will you regret me a little, Lisette?"

"Of course."

He gave a deep sigh.

"I would never have thought you capable of so much deception."

"It is the deception that rankles," she murmured thoughtfully. "Men are funny in that way. They cannot forgive being made fools of. It is because they are so vain. They attach importance to things that are of no consequence."

"Do you call it a matter of no consequence that I should find you having breakfast with a young man wearing my pajamas?"

"If he were my husband and you were my lover you would think it perfectly natural."

"Obviously. For then I should be deceiving him and my honor would be secure."

"In short I have only to marry him to make the situation perfectly regular."

For a moment he did not understand. Then her meaning flashed across his clever brain and he gave her a quick look. Her lovely eyes had the twinkle he always found so alluring and on her large red mouth was the suspicion of a roguish smile.

"Do not forget that as a member of the Senate I am by all the traditions of the Republic the authorized mainstay of morality and good behaviour."

"Does that weigh heavily with you?"

He stroked his handsome square beard with a composed and dignified gesture.

"Not a row of beans," he replied, but the expression he used had a Gallic breadth that would perhaps have given his more conservative supporters something of a shock.

"Would he marry you?" he asked.

"He adores me. Of course he would marry me. If I told him I had a *dot* of a million francs he would ask nothing better."

Monsieur Le Sueur gave her another look. When in a moment of anger he told her that it had been his intention to settle a million francs on her he had exaggerated a good deal in the desire to make her see how much her treachery was costing her. But he was not the man to draw back when his dignity was concerned.

"It is much more than a young man in his position of life could aspire to. But if he adores you he would be always at your side."

"Didn't I tell you that he was a commercial traveller? He can only come to Paris for the week end."

"That of course is a horse of another colour," said the Senator. "It would naturally be a satisfaction to him to know that during his absence I should be there to keep an eye on you."

"A considerable satisfaction," said Lisette.

To facilitate the conversation she rose from her seat and made herself comfortable on the Senator's knees. He pressed her hand tenderly.

"I am very fond of you, Lisette," he said. "I should not like you to make a mistake. Are you sure he will make you happy?"

"I think so."

"I will have proper enquiries made. I would never consent to your marrying anyone not of exemplary character and unimpeachable morality. For all our sakes we must make quite sure about this young man whom we are preparing to bring into our lives."

Lisette raised no objection. She was aware that the Senator liked to do things with order and method. He now prepared to leave her. He wanted to break his important news to Madame Le Sueur and he had to get in touch with various persons in the parliamentary group to which he belonged.

"There is only one more thing," he said as he bade Lisette an affectionate farewell, "if you marry I must insist on your giving up your work. The place of a wife is the home and it is against all my principles that a married woman should take the bread out of a man's mouth."

Lisette reflected that a strapping young man would look rather funny walking round the room, with his hips swaying, to show off the latest models, but she respected the Senator's principles.

"It shall be as you wish, darling," she said.

The enquiries he made were satisfactory and the marriage took place on a Saturday morning as soon as the legal formalities were completed. Monsieur Le Sueur, Minister of the In-

(continued on page 48)

"Before getting on with the business at hand, I'd like your reactions to another applicant for receptionist."

satire

HOW TO WRITE MEMOS

BY SHEPHERD MEAD

More on how to succeed in business without really trying

YOU will soon learn that the heart, the very lifeblood of modern business is the interoffice memo. If you're a good man with a memo you have small cause to worry.

The memo, like the meeting, is concerned only incidentally with its apparent subject. The main object of the memo is to *impress the people who read it.*

NEVER COME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT

The neophyte can be spotted quickly. He comes right out and states his business. Since very few problems can't be covered in a paragraph or two, the reader is finished with it rapidly, and the whole point of the memo is lost.

A good man can expand the simplest subject into three or four closely written pages, during the course of which he can inject sympathetic understanding, wit, and a few well-chosen anecdotes. Those who read it will see that he not only has a complete grasp of the subject, and of the entire industry, but that he is a capital fellow, and is somehow slightly above the whole thing.

HOW TO GET PEOPLE TO READ MEMOS

Memos are like seeds in the forest or the eggs of a salmon. The waste is staggering. One authority feels that if one in ten falls on target, or is at least partly read, the mission is accomplished. Another feels that one in twenty-five is a fair average. This is defeatist thinking! Make sure *your* memos are read. Address them to the highest officer who might be even remotely connected with the subject, especially the man who is in charge of those you are trying to impress. This name is usually referred to as "nominal sendee," or "reader guarantee."

Address it:

To: Mr. Biggley
From: Pierrepont Finch cc.

Under "cc.," or "carbon copy," list all those you're trying to impress.

This will make some of the carbon copy people read it on the chance that Biggley *might* read it and refer to it.

It is, of course, unnecessary to send out Biggley's copy.

THE SECONDARY TARGET

The secondary target is the person who really has to do something about the memo, if he can find the right paragraph. This fellow, probably in some menial job, will receive the ninth carbon, which is not readable, except in a general way. It is sufficient to call him up:

"Say, don't know whether my memo got there yet."

"Oh, yessir, it did, Mr. Finch. Little trouble reading it."

"Well, don't bother. I can tell you in a nutshell. J. B. called from the agency and wanted to make sure you *(continued on page 28)*

FROM "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING," COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY SHEPHERD MEAD, PUBLISHED BY SIMON & SCHUSTER.

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

WRITE MEMOS *(continued from page 25)*

ship out a case to Akron."

"Oh, yes, I will."

"Fine."

The subtleties, the sly humor, and the gentle wisdom of your five closely written pages will have been lost upon this dolt, but no matter. Your purpose has been achieved.

DON'T PIN PEOPLE DOWN

It is not considered cricket to pin people down to specific details in a memo. If you ask a colleague if he has "seen" your memo and he answers "yes," accept the statement. Those who ask what he thought of paragraph three will soon have few friends.

WHAT TO DO WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S MEMOS

There are two schools of thought on this. One holds that it's enough to place a bold red check on the upper right-hand corner. This shows your secretary you have "seen" it. She will then place it in a neat pile until you "have time to read it." This, of course, will never be necessary. Instruct her to throw away all memos six inches below the top of the pile.

The other procedure is to take freshly received memos, and, before reading, return to sender with a penciled note at the top. "Mighty clear exposition!" is always good, or "See you've really thought this through!" This way *is* more trouble, but it will make you friends.

If there is anything you really have to *do* about a memo, have no fear! The sender will phone you, as noted above.

SAMPLE MEMO

Excerpts from a sample memo are printed here, almost exactly as they appeared in our friend Finch's personal file. No need to add that names —and an occasional fact—have been changed.

Study this carefully. It is a fine example of the memowright's art, coming as it does in the middle of Finch's early, or bold, period. But do not try to imitate it too slavishly. Remember that a memo is *you*, and one that may express another's personality will do you scant justice.

Memo
To: Mr. J. B. Biggley Date:

The copy to J. B. Biggley, the "nominal sendee," was not sent, as explained above.

cc. Messrs

Axel	D. Osterly
E. Biggley	Sprockett
Cottery	Taffle
Fribble	Womper
Lightly	

The above names are "impressees," or those the sender was trying to impress. They are always listed in alphabetical order—no use offending anyone! The "executor," or the one who was supposed to do something about the memo, was a lad named Bud Frump of the shipping department. His name was never actually included in the typed version, but was written in red pencil on the tenth carbon. See "Secondary Target," above.

From: Pierrepont Finch

Some authorities favor "Mr. Finch" in this position, but there is a certain disarming modesty and easy familiarity about plain "Pierrepont Finch." In fact, some of Finch's better-known memos were signed simply "Pont Finch."

SUBJECT: THE WICKET SITUATION

Never neglect a resounding title! This memo could have been titled "Put Plenty of Excelsior in Future Wicket Shipments," since that was the real, or secondary, purpose. A clod would have done so, but not Finch!

> Few of us are aware of the alarming situation that confronts us with regard to our current wicket shipments.

This is good! It alerts the reader, puts him on his guard against real danger, and keeps him going through the meaty, or impressive passages. The surefooted memowright knows the value of the word "alarming" in the first sentence. It is a particularly well-chosen word because it indicates that even though there is a real threat, you are on top of it.

> I think first we should all be brought up to date on the background.

"Background," too, is good. All memos should have plenty of "background." It promises rich rewards for those who follow you through the ensuing paragraphs.

> And because--though I hesitate to say it--the wicket background has become more or less inseparable from my own, I may have to sketch in a few personal details.

You are losing readers here, face it! But plunge on. This is the real treasure, or pay dirt, that you are bringing to your carefully chosen group of readers.

> My intimate connection with the wicket situation dates back to its very inception.

At this point the memo becomes technical, and will be of small value to the lay, or non-wicket reader. Suffice it to say that two or three closely written pages follow. One who threads his way through this treasure-trove will discover that—lo!—Finch not only has a firm grasp on wickets, but on the entire industry as well. The branches are fairly groaning with such ripe fruit as this:

> --Furthermore, my long research into the matter led me to the conclusion that--

And:

> Though this is only my personal belief, it is one that few, at this stage can dispute!
>
> Perhaps the following anecdote will help to illustrate my point. Wander with me back through the years to the old Maple Street Plant.

For a page and a half one well-turned phrase follows another. The story, charming as it is, has little to do with the wicket situation. Its purpose is finer, higher, and broader. Rare indeed is the reader who does not emerge with the conviction that Finch is a capital fellow, stouthearted, clearheaded, brave, and reverent.

> "Take your money," I said. "A Biggley boy I began and a Biggley boy I'll stay, damn you!"

After a few more scattered *bon mots*, Finch concludes thus:

> There are a number of major steps that we can surely take in the future, but for the moment, aside from packing more excelsior in the wicket cases, we find ourselves in somewhat of a cul-de-sac. However, time will tell.

Small reason to remind the critical reader that this is true artistry, and in the Finch tradition. Finch has disposed of his real, or secondary, subject with a rapier thrust, piercing it concisely in one parenthetical phrase: "aside from packing more excelsior in the wicket cases." A fine example to follow!

(Signed)
Ponty

Though actually all copies—except the one to Bud Frump—had "Ponty" written in longhand at the end, the impression conveyed was that the *others* were signed "P. F." and that *only your own* was signed "Ponty," personally, in a spirit of brotherly affection. Finch's secretary had long since become expert at writing "Ponty" so that it was indistinguishable from the real thing.

NEXT MONTH: BE AN IDEA MAN!

BY JACK F. WEST

fiction

OLD SHEP

IVY UNIVERSITY
JANUARY 23, 195–

DEAR FRED:

It was great hearing from you after so many months. Sounds like you've really found a home in the army. You sure are lucky stationed way out there in the middle of Texas, with all that sand, and sunshine, and sand, and fresh air, and all that sand.

Things are pretty much the same here at Ivy U. I'm busy studying for exams. Got to maintain that old C minus average.

Jean and some of the other girls over at Felta Thi have asked about you. The team sure could have used you this season; Midwestern beat us 69 to 0.

Remembering how much I looked forward to mail call during my own tour for Uncle Sammy, I assume you won't mind if I stretch this letter out a bit. I want to tell you about my new roommate and, Fred, that's going to take some telling. I've just been through one of the craziest experiences of my life.

I think I mentioned this fellow in my last letter to you. He's a farm boy from downstate and this is his freshman year. I think I told you I was a little worried about him then. I wasn't sure how he'd fit in with all the sophisticated kids here at Ivy, being so young and sort of green, right off the farm, and everything. Well, buddy, I don't worry any more. This kid catches on *fast!* Too damn fast, as you'll see. But I think you'll get a kick out of hearing about the mess he got himself into, and how he got himself out of it.

His name is Silas Purgett. Now that sounds like a real hayseed name, Fred, and that's what I thought the first time

(continued on page 32)

"Congratulate me, Jack," he said dejectedly, "I'm going to be a father."

when my roommate got his girl into trouble, i tried to help them, but it was his dog, shep, that finally got them out

BOOLA BOOLA!

BY JULIEN DEDMAN

Back on campus this month, the college students of the nation are busily engaged in the activities that make higher education so very worth while. We asked Yale man Julien Dedman (Class of '48) to report on some of the goings on at his old alma mater and were pleased to discover that college life is just the way we remembered it.

"It was D, D, D, all along, and then I got a big surprise—F."

"Secret Grip of Beta Theta Pi, hell!"

"Here's a laugh, fellows! The campus cop thinks he heard girls in our room."

"I hope I haven't shattered the magic of it all."

"But don't you find that being married robs you of all the fun in college life?"

"I'm setting the alarm for 7:30 to give you ample time to get me out for my eight o'clock."

"Are you Mabel Lee Phelps from Vassar?"

"I decided to stop worrying about finals, and put my faith in God."

OLD SHEP *(continued from page 29)*

I heard it. But it didn't take me long to find out this kid was no ordinary yokel. No, sir!

My first day back on campus last fall, I walked into Mrs. Jessie's rooming house and there was this fellow on the floor of our old room, wrestling with a big collie dog. He got up right away when I came in, and damn near broke my hand when he shook it. He's a big kid, nearly two hundred pounds, with sandy hair, and good looking in a country-boyish sort of a way.

"This your dog?" I asked after we'd introduced ourselves.

"Yep," he said. "His name's Shep. Shep and I—we grew up together. My dad bought him for me on my tenth birthday. He's a real smart dog. Smarter'n some people, I think. Dad didn't want to let me bring him up here to college with me 'cause Shep's so much help down on the farm. But when I told him I wouldn't be able to think or study without Shep being around, he finally agreed. If Shep wasn't here, I'd be worrying about him all the time."

"Where are you going to keep him?" I asked.

"Well, Mrs. Jessie says if I build him a doghouse, I can keep him in the backyard," he said.

I was glad to hear that, because I'd begun thinking maybe he planned on keeping him right there in the room. We hit it off right away, Fred. Spent half that first night sitting around shooting the bull. Silas was young, and maybe a little green, but he was smart, and you'd be surprised at how much a smart kid can pick up around a farm in eighteen years. He'd gone to one of those small country schools, and as a youngster he'd been interested in the 4-H Club, prize pigs, and things like that. But he'd learned a lot of other things along the way too, and that's what got him into the mess I'm going to tell you about.

The trouble started our second weekend on campus. I was getting ready for a date with Betsy Miller. You remember her—that cute little blonde from Milwaukee with the dad in the brewery business. I was busy shaving and Si was stretched out on his bed.

"Jack," he said, "how about fixing me up with a friend of this here girl you're seeing tonight?"

Well, I'm a buddy, so I gave Betsy a call, and sure enough, one of her roommates didn't have a thing planned for that evening.

Si was really pleased when he heard that, and I was pretty happy, too. He'd been staying in our room night after night, studying his agronomy, and talking to me when I was there and to Old Shep when I wasn't. I figured it would be good for him to get out and see the lighter side of college life. The trouble is, Si saw too damn much.

This sorority sister of Betsy's turned out to be a real sharp cookie. Her name is Nancy Norris and what I mean to say is, Fred, what she hasn't got a girl doesn't need.

She and Si hit it off right away. Some of these sophisticated dolls really go for that country charm.

Well, Nancy turned Si's life upside down. He was with her every night and the only one around to talk to Old Shep in the evening was me. The dog would sit on Si's bed and stare at Si's agronomy books and wonder where the hell his master was. I didn't let on that I knew, because I was afraid the dog might be jealous. Even so, I think he guessed. There was no denying, Shep was a very intelligent animal.

I got a little worried and I told Si as much. I was afraid Nancy was going to get tired of his rural romancing one day soon and when she did that Si would take it hard. As it turned out, I had plenty of reason to be concerned, but not for the reason I thought.

Everything went along fine for about a month. Then one night Si comes in with the evening only about half over and plunks himself down on the bed. You never saw such a sad expression on a guy's face. He sat there for a long while without saying a word. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer and I asked him what was eating him.

"Congratulate me, Jack," he said, "I'm going to be a father."

I started to smile and then I realized he wasn't kidding.

"Nancy?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

He nodded.

"Are you sure?!"

"No," he said, sadly, "but she is."

"Wow."

Well right then his eighteen years really began to show, Fred. Not that I'd laugh off a thing like that, myself, you understand, but what I mean is, Fred, he was really scared. He told me how strict his mother was, and what a scandal it would be down home if it ever got out. What I mean to say is, he was really in a spot.

Of course, I'm no authority on things like that, Fred—being such a clean living, moral sort of a guy, myself (please stop laughing, I can hear you all the way from Texas). Anyway, I gave him what little information I had on the subject, wanting to do everything I could to get him out of his predicament, and the poor kid sure was grateful.

First off, he and Nancy rented a couple of bicycles and went riding, cross country. For four days they rode those bikes over the roughest kind of country they could find, but Si would come back at the end of each day sadder looking than before.

On the fifth day, we gave up the bikes and started in on castor oil and quinine. But they didn't work either, and by then I was beginning to feel nearly as desperate as the kid. Things kept looking worse and worse, till finally I told him he'd better be looking for some more professional advice.

"Go to Jenkins' drug store," I told him. "He's a nice old guy. A lot of kids from campus must go to him with the same problem. Just tell him the truth and ask him to give you something to fix her up."

Well, that wasn't such a hot idea, Fred. Jenkins kicked him out on his ear and Si came back burning and I thought for a while he was going to pound lumps on my head, he was that worked up.

"Awright," I said, getting kind of sore myself. "You got yourself into this mess. Let's see you get yourself out."

"That's just what I'll do!" he said, and out he went.

I had a date that night and Si was asleep in the sack when I got back to our room. The next morning, he'd left for his 8 o'clock class before I woke, so I didn't see him until late that afternoon. When he came in, I could see right away something good had happened. I won't say he looked happy, but he was wearing a sort of relieved expression. Turned out some friend had told him about a doctor over in West Falls. Si had gone over to see him, and the doctor said he'd take care of everything for $150.

"Only trouble is," Si said realistically, "I don't have $150 or anything close to it."

I nodded sympathetically. I didn't have to tell him that I didn't either, since I'd put the bite on him for five a couple of days before.

"I could never swing a loan for that kind of money," he said, "and I don't have anything worth hocking."

"How about Shep?" I said, trying to put a smile back into the conversation.

"What?" he asked, but his mind was suddenly far away.

"How about hocking Shep?" I said. "A dog like that must be worth a lot of loot. You're always talking about how smart he is."

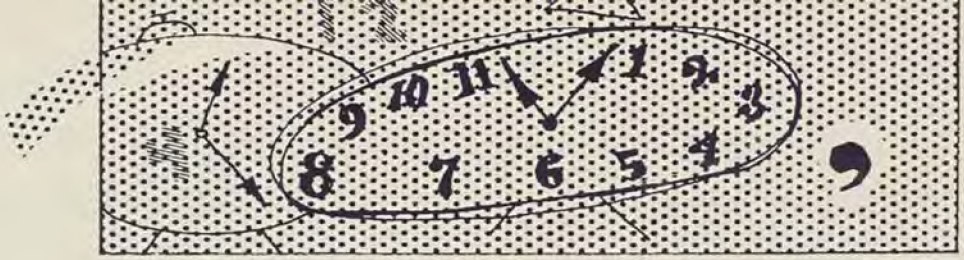
It was a pretty poor attempt at humor and Si just sat there staring at Shep for a long, long time. Only his mind was way off somewhere else, and suddenly he stood up with a big smile on his face.

"That's it, Jack," he said, "that's it!"

I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, and Si went to his desk, pulled out a sheet of paper and started writing. When he'd finished, he handed it to me. It was a letter to his father and he told me to read it.

"Dear Dad," it began, "I wrote you yesterday, but something big has happened since then and I just *had* to let you know about it right away. You know how you used to say the way Shep minded, and took care of things

(continued on page 35)



A FASCINATING WORD-GAME FOR LOVERS OF GOOD LITERATURE ON THOSE DULL EVENINGS WHEN YOU HAVEN'T A DAMN THING WORTH WHILE TO DO

later-comma

article

BY G. M. WHITE

IN THE COURSE of my reading of contemporary fiction I have developed a wonderful little hobby: the collecting of *later-commas*. The *later-comma*, in case you don't know, is that ingenious literary device used by popular writers in place of the more descriptive passages that might get a novel banned in Boston. The characters (usually two: one male, one female) become involved in an extremely compromising situation and then, instead of the juicy paragraphs the reader is anticipating, the author slips in a *later-comma*.

Speculating on just what has transpired in the space of time not described can be a truly fascinating pastime. For example, here are a few *later-commas* taken from actually published novels and short stories; the added speculations are mine. After you've looked these over, you can go in search of examples of your own (historical novels are suggested as a particularly good source). You and your friends can spend many fun-filled hours deciphering the *later-commas* you turn up.

EXAMPLE 1.

> Later, lying on his bed in his maroon robe, smoking, with Cynthia's head on his shoulder, Owen felt a magnificent cloak of ease and fulfillment about him.

Some time — how much or how little we can't tell — has elapsed before this scene takes place. What happened during the interim? Be assured this was not revealed in the preceding paragraph. In the construction of all *later-commas*, what actually happened is never stated but is left to the reader's imagination. In this example, it is clear that Owen has stuck a lighted pipe into the pocket of his maroon robe. He has two heads on his shoulders — his own and Cynthia's. He is tired after the long trip from Denmark and his mother has just tippy-toed in and covered him with a cowskin rug. Let's try another:

EXAMPLE 2.

> Later, lying on his elbow at her side, he whispered, "You are lit up — like a Christmas tree! In twenty-five years there never was any woman but you."

There is no mystery here. These two are completely ossified and have crashed into a juke box while roller skating. In his drunken condition, he is actually addressing the juke box.

EXAMPLE 3.

> Later, he reached over and snapped on the lamp on the bedside table. He rubbed his nose gently across her forehead, down the edge of her face, along her neck and kissed her bosom.

What happened: He fumbled in the dark for a handkerchief and couldn't find one handy even after turning on the light.

EXAMPLE 4.

> Later, she still clung to him, breathless, her head drooping against his shoulder. She could hear the pounding of his heart, so near, so dear.

What happened: They have just had

(continued on page 45)

"I'll have you know I'm not that kind of a girl."

OLD SHEP (*continued from page 32*)

around the farm, and did things no ordinary dog could ever do, he was almost human? Well you just wait till I get home, Dad, and you'll see just how *right you were!* These professors here at college can do some mighty wonderful things. You remember the Professor Miller I told you about—the animal genetics man? Well, Dad, he's got a new serum he discovered that will make dogs talk. Yes, I said talk! I walked into his laboratory unexpected this afternoon and there he was talking to a Boston bull and a fox terrier! And they were giving him some pretty sharp retorts, too. Well Dad, when he saw me standing there staring at them, he got mad as the dickens and asked me why the hell I didn't knock when I came into his lab? Then he realized I'd actually heard the dogs talking and he kind of quieted down and started treating me real nice. He told me the whole story and tried to make me promise not to tell anybody. You see, he's discovered this new serum, but he doesn't want the news to get out until he has it perfected. Well, Dad, you know I was always one to strike a pretty sharp bargain, and I told that Professor Miller I'd keep his secret on one condition—that he give some of the stuff to old Shep. At first he wouldn't listen to the idea, but finally, realizing it was the only way to make sure I wouldn't say anything to anybody, he agreed. He said he'd give Shep the serum just before the semester ends, so nobody here on the campus will get wise. I'll bring Shep home with me then and nobody here will know the difference. So you can look for a talking dog when I get home. Won't that be something to make the neighbors' eyes pop out?

"Your loving son,
"Silas

"P.S. There's one thing I forgot to tell you, Dad. The professor says for a big dog like Shep it will cost $150 to make the serum, but I know you won't mind sending me the money for something so important."

Well, Fred, when I finished reading that letter, I could have used some of the professor's serum myself. I was speechless. I'd heard of an ROTC student in the cavalry who got fifty bucks a month from his old man to "feed his horse," but this was too much!

"Do you think your dad will fall for it?" I asked.

"Sure," said Si. "He believes Shep is as smart as most people and I've never told him a lie before. Least wise, not one like this."

I looked at Shep sitting in the corner. The big dog opened his mouth to yawn and I thought for a moment he was going to say something.

Sure enough, three days later a letter arrived from his dad and in it was a check for the hundred-and-fifty.

You can bet your life Si didn't waste any time getting that worry about Nancy off his mind, and within a week everything was fixed up, and Si was a wiser and more careful boy. There was still one other little problem though and quite a problem it was. Every couple of days Si would get a letter from his dad asking whether Shep had been given the serum yet. He wrote to say he'd bet a neighboring farmer his prize bull that Si was bringing home a talking dog. Si kept writing his dad that Shep wouldn't be getting the serum until just before vacation, but you could tell that his old man was getting pretty anxious. And Si got mighty uneasy as the semester drew to a close. Then, about a week before vacation, he asked me if I wouldn't come home with him and spend the first couple of days with him on the farm, as sort of moral support, until the thing blew over.

"Are you kidding?" I exclaimed. "I don't want your old man to shoot me, too!"

"Aw, Dad wouldn't go and shoot anybody. Come on, Jack, be a pal."

"Nothing doing."

But he kept after me and soft hearted sap that I am, I started feeling real sorry for him, and finally I told him I'd go. But in the meantime, I pointed out, we were going to have to figure out a story about Shep that would satisfy his father.

"Suppose we tell him Shep died from the serum?" I suggested.

Si shook his head.

"You don't know my dad," he said. "He'd be up here after that professor's scalp. And when he found out there wasn't any serum, he'd be after mine!"

Well, Fred, we still hadn't thought of anything when the day came for going home. I had some last minute things to attend to and I got to the station just before train time. I just hoped against hope that something bright would come to us during the trip. I met Si in the club car.

"Did you check Shep in the baggage car?" I asked.

I gave Shep to the Felta Thi's for a mascot," he said.

When I heard that, I was ready to climb off the train, but we were already moving. I sure didn't want to face his father without the dog, whether it could talk or not.

"You're crazy!" I said. "We could have said Shep *lost* his voice. Your dad *might* have believed that!"

"No he wouldn't," Si said.

Well, we stayed in the club car the whole trip. We just sat there drinking beer and not saying much of anything. I figured from the things Si had told me that his dad was one rough customer, and I had to give the kid credit for plenty of guts, getting ready to face up to the old guy without the dog.

When the train pulled into his town, I was really nervous, but Si seemed cool as a cucumber. And I wondered right then whether he had some idea he hadn't told me about or whether he was just loaded from all that beer we'd been drinking and didn't give a damn.

At the station, a rather severe, serious looking woman came running across to us and put her arms around Si. His mother, I thought. Then I saw his old man, and I shuddered. He was as big as a barn, and he had that tough, brown, weatherbeaten farmer look. And when he spoke, his voice was like spring thunder—deep and threatening.

"Glad to see you home, son!" he rumbled. And then, I knew it was coming, he looked around sort of quiet, and said, "But where's Shep?"

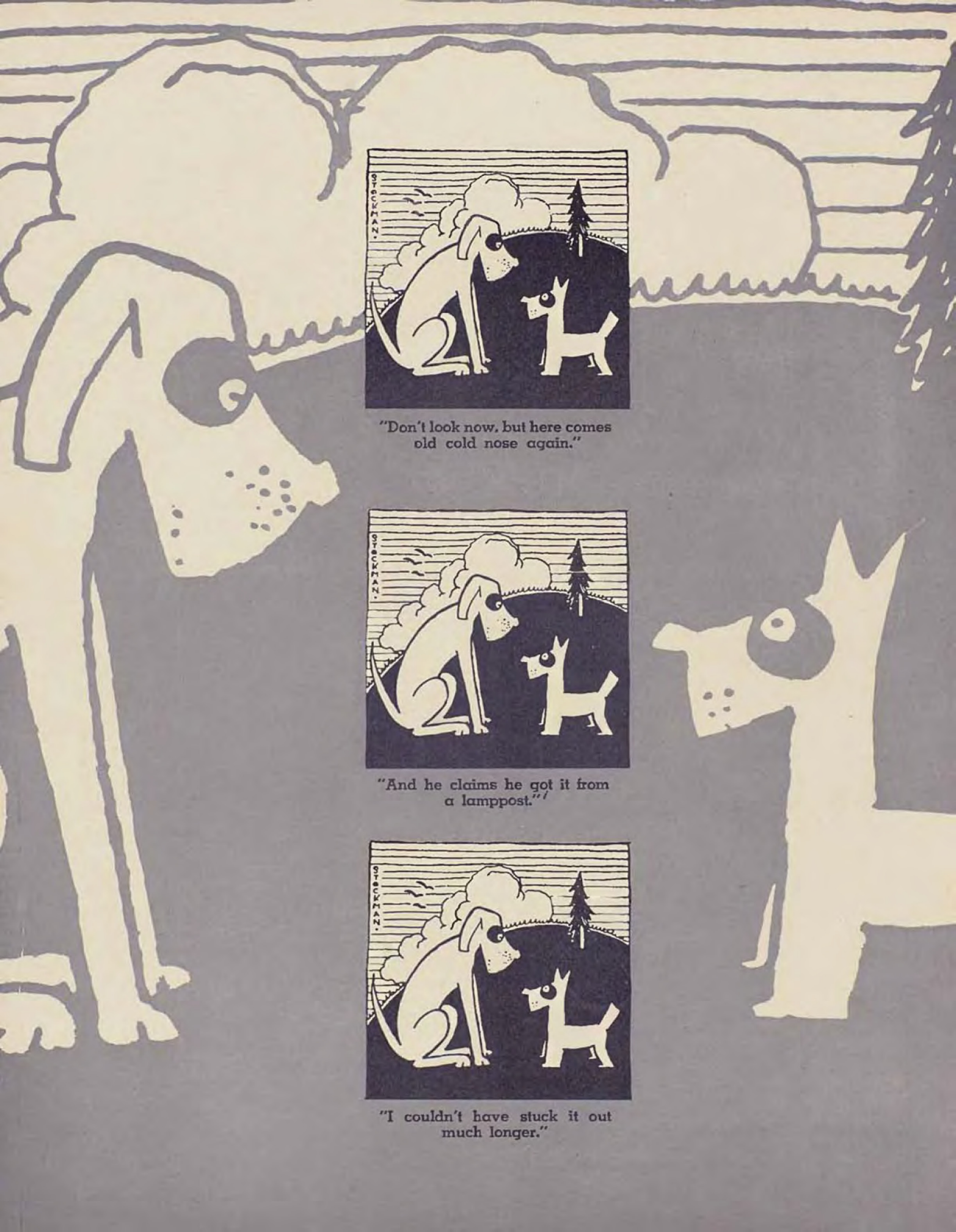
The way he said "Shep!" sent shivers up my back. You could see that all his farmer friends had been making fun of his story about the dog talking, and right then I was positive that any story Si might have for him, and I didn't even know if he had one, was sure to be useless. But Si motioned his father over to one side, sort of secret-like, out of his mother's ear-shot, and started talking to him in a low voice, real confidential, so no one else could hear. Well, Fred, you know me. I'm no eavesdropper, but after that build-up I just had to know what the kid was telling his dad. I walked over behind a big wagon filled with luggage, where I couldn't be seen, but could still hear them talking. By the time I got close enough, Si had already started explaining.

"I had to do it, Dad," he was saying. "It happened last night, when I was shaving and getting fixed up for a date. Shep was sitting there reading one of your letters, and laughing at the funny spots, when all at once he looks at me, raises his glasses up over his eyes, and says, sober as you please, mind you: Si! I wonder if your old man is still playing around with that hired girl like he was when we left home? I remember one night behind the barn . . . "

"Well, Dad, when Shep said a thing like that about you, it made me so damn mad that I took my razor and I cut his throat from ear to ear!"

Si's old man got real red in the face then and he looked over real quick at his wife, but she was standing too far away to hear anything. Then he sort of gulped, and "Son," he said, looking real serious, "you shore done right! But are you positive that dirty ol' liar is dead?"

Your old roommate and pal,
Jack.


STEINMAN.
"Don't look now, but here comes old cold nose again."
STEINMAN.
"And he claims he got it from a lamppost."
STEINMAN.
"I couldn't have stuck it out much longer."

campus canines

"Heard a pretty fair shaggy man story the other day."

These dogs are having their day in college humor magazines all over the country. They first appeared in the Dartmouth *Jack o' Lantern* nearly ten years ago and soon were passing out their doggie doggerel on campuses from coast to coast. The drawing never changes. The little dog is always standing — the big dog sitting down. Their expressions remain the same and no one seems to know which one is doing the talking, but their special canine wit continues to tickle the collegiate funnybone of the nation.

"I thought I was helping them decorate the tree."

"I think it's worth standing up for."

art detective (continued from page 17)

Ultra-violet rays revealed this modern abstraction under a copy of a Picassa.

was made in Lübeck: the frescoes were the work of a couple of local boys, miffed at art dealers who wouldn't buy their paintings.

One of Keck's favorite stories is about Han van Meegeren of Holland —another disgruntled artist who was sick and tired of the emphasis put upon "name" painters. "I'll give them names," he decided, and set about perpetrating a hoax that was to become the most sensational art fraud of our time.

First, he bought an old but worthless picture and took it home. He carefully removed most of the paint from the canvas. The white, a lead paint, wouldn't come off, but this didn't worry van Meegeren for long. To defy X-ray analysis, he hit upon the idea of making *his* whites coincide exactly with the whites remaining from the original. He saved the ancient frame and nails. Then he began to paint a Vermeer.

And here is where this art fraud differed from most others. For it was not a *copy* of a Vermeer that van Meegeren painted, but a completely original work in the *style* of Vermeer.

He used nothing but badger-hair brushes — because Vermeer used them. Vermeer hand-ground his own blue — and so did van Meegeren. When the work was completed and signed with the illustrious name of Vermeer, the artful forger doused it in special oils and baked it in an oven to simulate the dryness of an old painting. Then he rolled the canvas until hundreds of tiny cracks appeared in the hardened paint. The cracks he filled with India ink to counterfeit the dust of three centuries.

It took van Meegeren a year to complete one of these ingenious frauds — and in eight years he produced exactly eight of them which he sold for over two million dollars. The most astute art dealers were completely hoodwinked and accepted them as newly discovered works of Holland's old masters.

Van Meegeren's fantastic hoax might have gone undiscovered for years if fate hadn't played him an even more fantastic trick. When Nazi occupation came to Holland, it brought with it a self-styled art connoisseur named Herman Goering. The fat Field Marshall went into ecstasies over one of van Meegeren's false Vermeers, and acquired it for his personal collection.

After the war, authorities began hunting down those few Dutch who collaborated with the Nazi invaders. On their list was van Meegeren who, their records showed, had sold Goering and other Germans Dutch art treasures. On trial as a collaborator, van Meegeren insisted that the "treasures" were actually fakes, but the frauds were so perfect that the critics called into the case insisted they were authentic, so the court refused to believe him.

In order to prove himself innocent of collaboration, van Meegeren requested that his art materials be brought to his cell and there he proceeded to prove his story by painting another original "Vermeer."

Han van Meegeren was promptly acquitted of the collaboration charge and convicted of art forgery — a crime imposing a much shorter sentence.

False "masterpieces" are being exposed all the time. Early this year the Winnipeg Art Gallery suffered a shock when it invited a Viennese expert to preside as director. The expert, Dr. Ferdinand Eckhardt, took a good look at Winnipeg's collection and sorrowfully broke the news that the majority of their pictures were fakes.

This sort of occurrence reminds Keck of the old art joke: "Of the seven hundred paintings by Rembrandt, ten thousand are in America."

Art detectives like Sheldon Keck keep busy exposing the phonies.

BY THOMAS MARIO *playboy's food & drink editor*

IS SHE YOUR KIND OF DISH?

how to read menus and the feminine mind

ANY MAN can be his own private eye. All he needs is a menu.

The next time you are sufficiently interested in a young lady to want to explore some of the more hidden facets of her personality, follow this simple procedure. Invite her to a restaurant. Don't take her into the nearest hash house where the bill of fare is scribbled on a big slate board above the cash register. Avoid, if possible, the small creaky tea room featuring Aunt Priscilla's Southern Pecan Pie with Whipped Cream Topping. Make your reservation in an established restaurant which you know employs a fine French or Italian chef.

As soon as the lady is handed the menu, you can begin to make significant mental notes. She may be the obvious type of hungry femme that everybody recognizes, the diamond digger who is determined to make you spend a month's salary in an evening. She starts by ordering fresh Beluga caviar at $8 a portion, although she actually prefers domestic sardines when eating in her own boudoir. She'll ask for Petite Marmite, which she can't pronounce, at $1.25 rather than clam chowder at 60 cents. She can't tell a pheasant from a fryer, and yet she'll ask for the former simply because it has the big game price of $14 per brace. Anyone can identify this type long before the Baked Alaska is served.

But just to put all doubts at rest, watch her reaction when the $11 bottle of Veuve Clicquot is poured. The gimme girl, nine times out of ten, will make a remark to the effect that it tickles her nose or that it tastes just like lemon soda. At this point the case is closed. You finish the meal knowing damn well that you have an ordinary pocket twister on your hands and you send her home on the first taxi you can hail.

There is an opposite type. This girl is a little harder to scrutinize. She'll ask, "Can I have the sauerkraut juice to start with?" This time you observe that the sauerkraut juice is the lowest priced appetizer on the bill of fare.

Then she'll scan the menu very carefully and ask weakly if an egg salad sandwich would be all right. When you insist that you've taken her out to eat dinner and not a snack, and that you intend to satisfy your man-size appetite with a club steak and French fried onions, she'll yield and maybe order a single chicken croquette — today's special at 85 cents. This pattern continues all through the ordering. She may not be very hungry, of course, and she may be the one person in a million who *likes* sauerkraut juice. Or she may be a two-way tootsie who is out to impress you with her extreme frugality and thoughtfulness when she actualy doesn't possess these qualities at all.

Here you are called upon to use extreme judiciousness and forbearance. The best plan is to let her drink her sauerkraut juice and eat her forlorn chicken croquette. If she seems to enjoy them, you can let the matter rest. But if she covly snitches three or four shrimp out of your shrimp cocktail and if, when the steak is brought on, her eyes turn shiny and slick with envy and she eats at least half the meat on your platter, and if she continues to use her fork like a sharpshooter to grab your onions, your potatoes and your salad, while swallowing her croquette like a quiet snake in the grass, then you know she's a bad actor and you should beware.

Another variety of woman is the indecisive type — the doubtful one who resists a decision like poison and who must study, weigh and consider each dish on the menu as though it were a life sentence. She flounders between the oysters and clams, hesitates over the cup or bowl of soup, is perplexed by the fish and completely nonplussed by the great variety of beef, veal, lamb and poultry dishes, huge worlds among which she wanders like a lost soul. She may have a pretty nose and eyes like jewels but she would make an aimless spouse and would turn your life into one big puzzlement. Write her off before it's too late.

Still another breed is the indifferent female who tosses the menu aside as soon as it's handed to her and barks, "Order something for me — anything — it's unimportant." She's a chain smoker, a horsey, bronzy type. Food must always be a minor detail because if it's considered for any length of time, it may interrupt the incessant flow of conversation about her own dear egocentric personality. She eats lobster newburgh with as much relish as she brushes her teeth. Coffee is a nervous habit, not a wonderful hot brew to be sipped, judged and enjoyed. She may have some values in life, but eating and drinking and other simple joys are not among them. She's a kind of social virus that needs treatment. You can hardly provide the kind of therapy she needs across the dinner table.

Then there is the girl whose eyes glisten when you hand her a menu because she sees a good time ahead. She's flattered because you want her to make her own choice and because you are not following the Emily Post practice of male ordering for female. She likes to sip an ice cold martini before she gets down to the happy business of choosing her dinner. She doesn't want a ten course formal dinner but she does know that a dinner

should have a beginning, a middle and an end. You choose jumbo crab lump while she orders the honeydew melon with *prosciutto* ham. You both order veal cutlet *Parmigiana*. She accepts your word that the veal is divine. And she confesses that, although she is a woman, there is no fragrance in the world, no perfume and no flower, that smells more exciting than freshly grated Parmesan cheese, bubbling brown on a veal cutlet. The meal is a leisurely one and really becomes a celebration when the waiter, bending over the chafing dish, pours the black cherries in rum over the vanilla ice cream.

This girl simply loves to eat. It's the kind of uncomplicated love with which every healthy male feels a direct bond.

Men who have engaged in this kind of sleuthing for years will tell you that the clues thus developed are reliable and rewarding. There is only one objection to the practice. The girl whom you are investigating can turn the tables and investigate you with the same means you employ. When you grab the menu aggressively from the waiter, bristle about the choice of entrees and attempt to bulldoze her into ordering the lake trout in place of the brook trout because that is the choice you would make, she can't help but conclude that you are cheeky, bull-headed and ornery. When she sees you inspecting the menu prices with a magnifying glass and observes that you use a slide rule to compare the cost of the table d'hote and a la carte dishes, she knows that you are a plain nickle-nurser. When you are inspired to remark, as you read the menu, that dish after dish reminds you of Mom's noodle soup, Mom's roast and Mom's short cake, she must conclude that you are suffering from a bad case of Momism, an affliction against which she feels quite helpless.

Finally, even the most unanimated little handful of a girl can trip the cleverest bloodhound by simply saying, "What's that?" pointing to the line on the menu that read *Coupe aux Marrons*.

Here the dinner-deadeye needs some help. He can call over the headwaiter and ask him to interpret the term, but a great deal of prestige is lost by that gesture. For the amateur sleuth can never be successful if at the very beginning of his inquisitorial operations he gives the impression of being a plain dope.

No girl will expect him to explain the meaning of Greek *Kolekethya Giahni* or of the Chinese *Ngow Jay Law Bok* but she will expect him to know some of the common menu terms found in restaurants with a continental background.

For such men, PLAYBOY offers the following glossary of foreign cooking terms which it hopes its readers will find useful:

Agneau (French) Lamb. *Cotelette d'Agneau* is a spring lamb chop. *Roti d'Agneau* is roast lamb. *Rognons d'Agneau* are lamb kidneys.

A la (French) The term means "in the style of" and is now only used for a few dishes. Instead of saying Shrimp a la Meuniere, for instance, modern day menus list the dish as simply Shrimp Meuniere. *A la Mode* means according to the fashion of the times. Beef a la Mode was created by a French restaurant owner famous for his pot roast cooked in a gravy with red wine. In front of his restaurant was a wooden steer dressed in garlands and ostrich feathers — the style of the day. Beef a la mode is now served hot with its red wine sauce or cold in gelatin. Pie a la mode is an American invention.

Antipasto (Italian) Literally, before the pasta or spaghetti. It is a first course of sliced salami, olives, celery, capers, anchovies, scallions, etc., liberally doused with olive oil and red wine vinegar.

Arroz (Spanish) Rice. *Arroz Con Pollo* or rice with chicken is the most eminent of Spanish casserole dishes.

Aspic (French) Aspic once meant an asp or serpent but the culinary term is a jellied salad containing meat, poultry, seafood or vegetables.

Baba au Rhum (French) A small rich cake made of yeast dough. The baked baba is soaked in apricot sauce and rum before it is served. An inspiration of King Stanislas of Poland, and named after Ali Baba, whose riches the King admired.

Blini (Russian) Thin pancakes of the rolled variety stuffed with anything from caviar to cottage cheese.

Boeuf (French) Beef. *Boeuf Roti* is roast beef. *Boeuf Sale* is corned beef. *Entrecote de Boeuf* is sirloin steak.

Bonne Femme (French) Literally, good lady. It is a sauce of mushrooms, white wine and cream frequently served with fish.

Bouillabaise Marseillaise (French) A fish stew highly seasoned with garlic, tomatoes and saffron. The "baissin" or outer harbor of Marseillaise was once famed for the great variety of fish found there. On the docks of the inner harbor the fish was stewed in great iron kettles. In modern restaurants *Bouillabaise* may contain from 10 to 20 different kinds of fish and seafood, including lobster and mussels.

Brochette (French) A skewer of small pieces of broiled meat or seafood. It may be a brochette of scallops, brochette of kidneys, brochette of lamb, etc.

Cacciatore (Italian) Chicken or veal stewed in tomatoes.

Canape (French) The canape or canopy was originally a cover for a bed. Later it meant the bed itself. A canape is a small appetizer on a bed usually of pastry, toast, crackers, etc. The canape should be bite size, neat, colorful and piquant in flavor since it is invariably served as an accompaniment for cocktails.

Canard (French) This has nothing to do with the English word meaning a false rumor. In French it simply means duck. *Canard Bigarade* is roast duck with orange sauce.

Chasseur (French) A sauce of mushrooms and tomatoes served with game or poultry.

Chateaubriand (French) A grilled small steak, usually tenderloin of beef.

Coquille (French) A sea shell. *Coquille St. Jacques* is the shell stuffed with scallops, shrimp and a white wine sauce, topped with cheese and glazed in the oven.

Coupe (French) The French version of the American sundae. *Coupe aux Marrons* is ice cream with chestnuts in vanilla syrup.

Crepes (French) Pancakes. *Crepes Suzette* are small pancakes rolled with jam or jelly in a syrup and burned with brandy or liqueur just before serving.

Diable (French) The devil himself incorporated into sauces with the aid of freshly crushed pepper, mustard, worcestershire sauce and other hot condiments.

Dinde (French) This French word for Indian also means turkey — the bird, not the country.

Emince (French) Small slices of beef, chicken, etc., usually served in a sauce. Not to be confused with the English word mince which means to chop very fine.

Escargot (French) Snail. In spite of their popularity in France, *escargot* is never a fast selling menu item in the United States.

Filet (French) Literally, a ribbon. A filet of beef or *Filet Mignon* is the tenderest cut of the carcass taken from inside the loin. A filet of fish is a thin boneless and skinless cut.

Foie (French) Liver. *Foie Gras* is goose liver paté. *Foie de Veau* is calf's liver.

Gateau (French) Cake. The French do not know how to make a delicate layer cake of the home made American variety but they excel in the small fanciful forms which we know as French pastry.

Haricots (French) Beans. *Haricots Verts* are string beans. *Haricots De Lima* are lima beans.

Homard (French) Lobster. *Homard Americaine* is not an American invention but a French dish of lobster, tomatoes, shallots and brandy.

Hors d'Oeuvres (French) Literally means outside the work or job. In olden days French waiters, miserably

(*continued on page 50*)

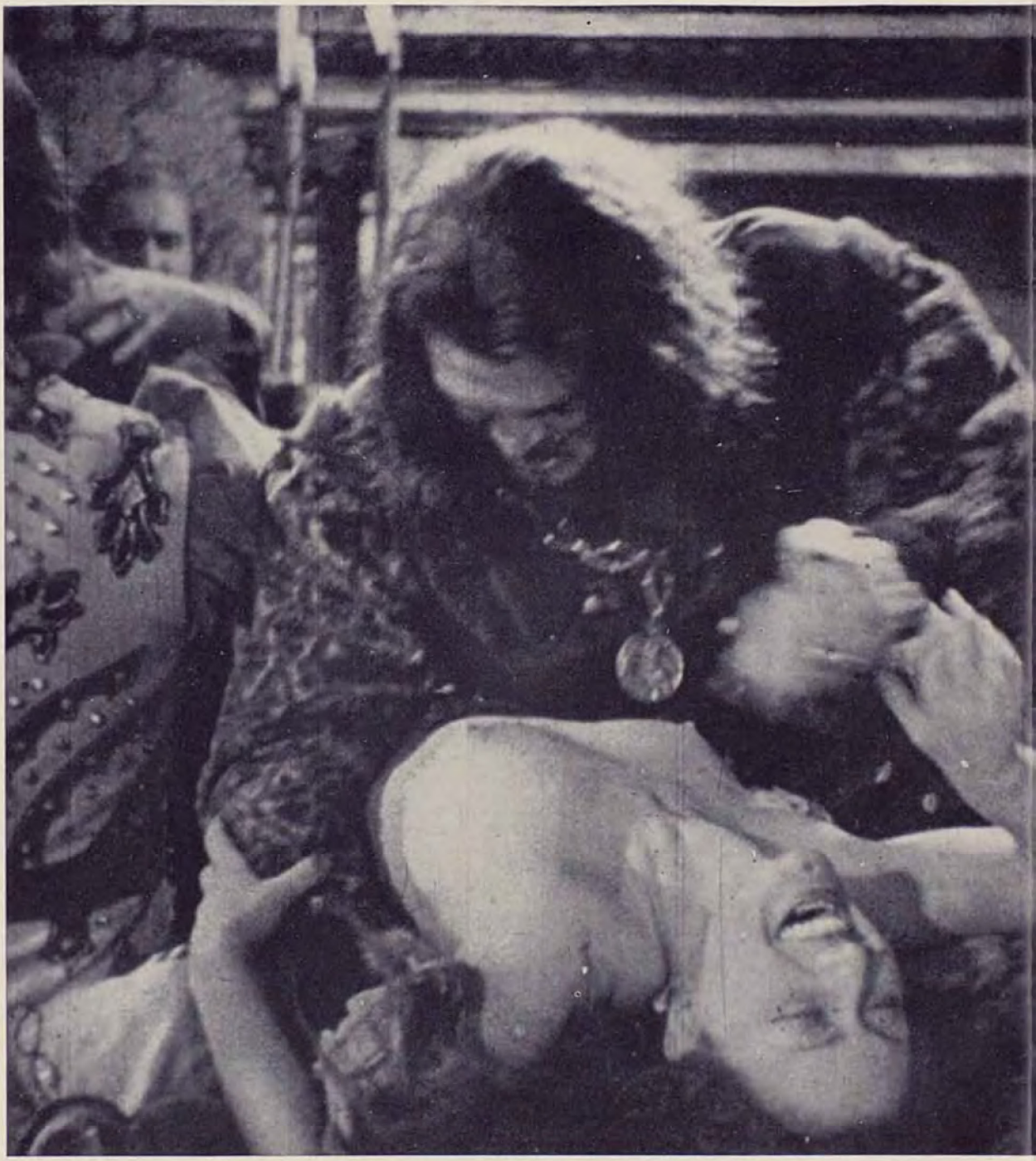
NUDITY AND THE FOREIGN FILM

U. S. CENSORS KEEP BUSY CUTTING THE SIN OUT OF EUROPE'S CINEMA

THE MOVIE CENSORS of America have considered the human body and concluded that it is immoral. They've decided that the female anatomy is particularly offensive, leading to all sorts of carnal, lecherous, lascivious, and otherwise objectionable thoughts and, we suppose, deeds in members of the opposite gender.

But don't get panicky. Fortunately for all us innocent, popcorn-munching moviegoers, our good friends, the censors, are in there snipping whenever too much celluloid epidermis comes into view.

Of course, the greatest artists of all time have always contended that the human body is a thing of beauty. But our protectors of public purity are too busy to be bothered with that



Acclaimed as an artistic triumph in Europe, "Lucrezia Borgia" was badly mutilated by U. S. censors. Listed among the missing were startling scenes like this realistic orgy with tyrant Cesare Borgia and friends.

These Roman off-the-chest fashions are authentic but the censors cut them from "Messalina."

sort of nonsense. They're creating a new, ideal species: a spayed, denavelled, breast-free, unbuttocked creature who cannot possibly offend anyone, except maybe Mother Nature.

Hollywood has accepted this synthetic species gracefully, since its whole world is a pre-fabricated, star-dusted illusion, but some problems exist for European movie makers. Most foreign film producers are interested in realism, and if a story requires a nude or two, they're apt to go right ahead and film a nude or two. In a period picture, a European director may attempt to use authentic costumes, whether they completely cover all his actors and actresses or not. And poor, unenlightened European audiences, never having been told that nudeness and lewdness are one and the same, sit through it all without apparent ill effects.

It is when the foreign films try to penetrate America's Cellophane Curtain that the fun begins. The scissors of the U. S. Customs inspectors get the first snip, then all the assorted cutlery of the local censors, purity leagues, and police departments come into play.

Gina Lollobrigida's famous nude harem scene

Harry Baur's "Rasputin" was praised but the censored U. S. version was difficult to follow.

Left: Ulla Jacobsson in a scene cut from "One Summer of Happiness." Above-below: Hedy in film "Ecstasy."

This scene is from an American movie, but American audiences never saw it. Hollywood filmed it for the European showing of "Ben Hur." The adding of sexy scenes for foreign versions of movies is almost as common as the deletion of such scenes from U. S. runs.

in *Beauties of the Night* was seen by nearly everyone in Europe, including the Queen of England, but it was wisely deleted when the picture was shown to us innocent, impressionable Americans. Nude bathing scenes were cut from Sweden's prize winning *One Summer of Happiness*, even though they were an essential part of the story. And at the film's premiere, newsmen asked its young star, Ulla Jacobsson, so many embarrassing questions that she broke down and cried. No one remembered that public nude bathing is common in Sweden.

Hedy Lamarr's *Ecstasy* is probably the most famous censored picture of all time. So many scenes were cut that what remained wasn't much longer than a short subject. What remained was also thoroughly confusing, since the plot was cut out right along with the nudity. The resulting publicity took Hedy to Hollywood.

Censors defend their existence with the argument that the scenes they delete from movies would adversely effect the morals of the nation. This is an extremely shaky premise at best. It has never been successfully proven. Nor have the censors taken any notice of one recent Supreme Court decision that makes most of their activities illegal. They're too busy cutting up film "in the public interest."

A French Information Ministry official says: "We think it does less harm for children to see a nude woman than to see an efficiently performed crime." This, of course, is a rather sophisticated point of view and no one would ever accuse our censors of being sophisticated. Their ideals are as simple, naive, and narrow as the Puritan fathers they got them from.

PLAYBOY has a strong aversion to any minority (or majority, for that matter) forcing its opinions, tastes, and attitudes on the rest of us. We make a habit of thumbing our nose at censors, because we feel they have no place in a democracy. So, just for the hell of it, you'll find a number of scenes on these pages that were censored out of various foreign films during their American runs.

comma (*continued from page 33*)

a fight and she knifed him, ripping a sizeable hole in his chest and exposing his vitals. Now she's sorry.

EXAMPLE 5. (A subtle type.)

"Do you know," he said later, lying on his back and staring up at the ceiling, "that you're absolutely terrific in bed?"

Big talk to save face. There is a bedbug on the ceiling. He has been chasing it around the room.

EXAMPLE 6. (*Afterward-comma* — a rare type.)

Afterward, Bud lay watching her while she dressed, fascinated by the clothes she put on, and feeling in every muscle and at the same time both rested and weary, feeling inside both full and empty, both whole and shattered, both solid and fluid.

Admittedly, the construction here *is* tricky, but a little imagination will permit us to come up with a satisfactory explanation. Obviously, Bud is suffering from extreme vertigo and a state of nausea comparable only to that felt by the reader at this moment. Bud is a circus aerialist who spins, suspended by a rubber grip which he holds with his teeth, while sliding down a wire stretched from the top of the tent. Simultaneously, he gulps a glass of milk and eats a tuna fish sandwich, held in either hand. On this occasion, although suffering from intestinal influenza, he felt the show must go on, and as luck would have it the ground end of the wire broke loose midway in his descent and he shot out into the center ring, jostling a nervous elephant that was balanced on a barrel. Now he is watching his wife, a bareback rider, prepare herself for the grand finale.

Composing *later-commas* is also a lot of fun on rainy days. They are far easier to write than they are to read. It takes only a little practice and even less experience and the rewards are really something. Here are a few originals that came out of my typewriter — zip, zip, *zip!* Analyze these and you will be ready to write your own. Watch yourself, though. A couple of these are sticklers.

ORIGINAL EXAMPLE 1.

Later, he put on his hat and walked down the street, cane in hand. "Good morning, Mrs. Shultz," he greeted a neighbor. "Have you heard about my good fortune?"

ORIGINAL EXAMPLE 2.

"Darling, it's later," she whispered, "than you think."

ORIGINAL EXAMPLE 3.

Later, Fred got up and opened the window. Later, Fred got up and closed the window. Later, but not much later, Fred got up and opened the door. Later, much later, Fred got up and closed the door. Still later, Fred turned on the light and looked at his watch. "Well," he said, "I'm going to sleep before it gets any later."

This last is a little tiresome, but I do not pretend to be an expert in this form.

I have many other interesting examples of the *later-comma* construction, but these will serve as a starter for those who want to begin collections of their own. Sometimes *later-commas* seem hard to find, but once you get accustomed to spotting them they pop out at you like four-leaf clovers in a field of corn. Often they appear in various disguises — in the swifter narratives, dashes are found.

Some few writers do not use the *later-comma* in any form. They try to tell what happens every second of the time in their novels. The produce thousand-page volumes that cover a time-span of only a few minutes. But such books don't sell well and you hear very little about them.

As a scout for the *avant-garde*, I can tell you that the real trend is to leave *everything* to the imagination. I have not written several novels, as well as works of a scientific and philosophical nature, in this new experimental mood. These have been well-received by critics who agree that the best books have not been written.

The day may come when *later-commas* have disappeared from the printed page and everybody will have to write his own. Whether or not this would be a good thing, that day is, I believe, distant. It is a foolish author who chooses to leave nothing to the reader's imagination.

YOK

(*continued from page 21*)

from the huddle to the bench. Late in one game, he called to an eager rookie, telling him to warm up. The sub immediately began racing up and down along the side lines to limber up.

Shortly afterwards, Conzelman called the rookie onto the field, and he raced up to Referee Jim Durfee to report. As he stood there puffing, Durfee looked him coldly in the eye and asked, "Your name?"

"Phew," was the best the lad could do.

"I beg your pardon?" said Durfee. The player tried again. "Phew," he sputtered.

Durfee curled his lip. "Mr. Whoever You Are," he said, "you enjoy the distinction of being the only player in history who has had to have a rest *before* entering a game." Then, turning to the other players, Durfee announced: "Time out for the substitute!"

• • •

After a certain Syracuse halfback had run seventy yards through the Colgate team to score the winning touchdown, Colgate Coach Dick Harlow had a whole weekend to think about the play, and by the time Monday afternoon skull practice had rolled around, he was really incensed. He bitterly lashed each man on the first team, diagnosing their mistakes on the play, and asking them where they'd been. Addressing his quarterback, he said, "You can tackle! Where were you?"

"Right beside you, Coach," he answered. "You took me out on the play before."

• • •

Some of the choicest gridiron stories take place off the field.

For instance, Coach Lynn Waldorf was showing films of the game in which his Northwestern squad had been soundly trounced by Michigan. During the showing, Waldorf said of one scene, "There's our most popular formation."

It was a scene of the Wildcats waiting for the kickoff after Michigan had scored.

• • •

Pigskin psychology has had many shrewd practitioners, but Knute Rockne's own rough-hewn brand was unsurpassed. In the autumn of 1924, early in his career as a coach, Knute had led the Irish down south for a crucial battle with Georgia Tech. At half time the Engineers were leading by a single touchdown that looked as big as all outdoors.

In the Notre Dame dressing room, the squad was sitting around and licking its wounds when Rock entered the room, clutching a crumpled piece of yellow paper in his hand. He stared silently at the players, and they sensed that something important was on that piece of paper. A hush fell over the room, and Knute began to read from the telegram.

It was from Knute's young son, Billy. The wire said he was ill in a South Bend hospital, and he felt certain that a Notre Dame victory today would do him more good than any medical attention. As Rockne finished reading the wire, his voice cracked. He turned and slowly walked from

(*continued on page 50*)

Ribald Classics

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's Decameron

LEON BELLIN

TALE OF THE TOE

ARRIGUCCIO WAS a rich merchant who had wed a well-born woman called Sismonda. Since she was comely, and since the merchant was often in other towns on business, it was inevitable that the lady should attract a lover.

The lover's name was Ruberto. He and Sismonda enjoyed each other constantly while Arriguccio was away. Before long, however, rumors of their love began to reach Arriguccio, inflaming his already suspicious nature.

He abandoned his travels and spent most of his time keeping an eye on his wife. This jealous diligence put a halt to the pleasures of Sismonda and Ruberto, grieving them sorely, but Sismonda soon found a way to hoodwink her husband.

Through a maid-servant, she sent word to Ruberto of her plan: at bed time, Sismonda would lower a long string out of her bedroom window. One end would touch the ground; the other end she would tie to her toe. Ruberto was instructed to tug at this string when he came. If Arriguccio were asleep, Sismonda would release the string and come down to open the door; but if he were awake, she would hold on to it and pull it back toward her.

Ruberto considered this an excellent scheme. And so it was, for it enabled him to enjoy Sismonda for many a voluptuous night.

But one night, as the jealous Arriguccio turned in his sleep, his foot encountered the string. His shrewd mind grasped the situation at once. Gently, he untied the string from the toe of the sleeping Sismonda and tied it around his own. Then he awaited the confirmation of his worst suspicions.

Confirmation came soon, for Ruberto tugged at the string not many minutes later. Arriguccio had tied an imperfect knot, so it came loose and slid out the window. Ruberto, seeing the string drop at his feet, assumed Sismonda had let go of it as a signal that her husband was asleep.

But when he heard the heavy footsteps approaching the door, he knew it could not be his dainty Sismonda. He fled, with Arriguccio hot after him. Both men drew their swords and battled fiercely in the dim light.

Meanwhile, Sismonda awoke and found both her husband and her string gone. Guessing what had transpired, she called her maid-servant and said, "If you will lie here in my bed and suffer the beating my husband intends to give me, I will make it worth your while." She showed the girl a purse fat with gold. Sismonda hid in a closet and the maid-servant climbed into bed.

Ruberto had managed to give Arriguccio the slip, and now the irate husband returned to his bedroom. In the dark, he mistook the shape huddled under the sheet for his wife. "Infamous woman!" he cried. "I'll teach you to play me for a fool!" And he fell upon the maid-servant with a strap, beating her until she was black and blue. Still unsatisfied, he seized her hair and ripped it out in great handfuls. The poor girl shrieked, but said nothing to reveal her identity.

At last, Arriguccio stopped this cruel treatment and said, "You have received enough blows from me. I go now to your brothers to tell them of your vile conduct. They are men of honor and shall punish you even further."

He left.

Sismonda stepped from the closet to comfort the bruised and wailing maid-servant. She paid her and dismissed her, then remade the bed, lit a lamp, and sat down with some sewing.

Soon she heard the footsteps of Arriguccio and her brothers. The door flew open.

"Behold, my worthy brothers-in-law!" said Arriguccio. "See how I have justly bruised the cheating minx and torn her hair!"

Sismonda pretended to be much amazed by his behavior, and allowed her body to be examined for welts.

"I see no bruises here," declared one of the brothers. "Nor is her hair torn. What say you to this, Arriguccio?"

"Eh? No bruises?" stammered the husband. "But look — here are strands of her hair still clenched in my fists."

"*My* hair, good husband?" asked

"Infamous woman!" he cried. "I'll teach you to play me for a fool!"

Sismonda. "But surely you can see it is a different color. Dear brothers, what has he been telling you?"

The story was related, and Sismonda replied, "You see how absurd it is. I am not bruised, nor is my hair torn, nor have either of us been to bed this night. The bed, you will notice, is still made."

"Then what *has* happened?" the brothers demanded.

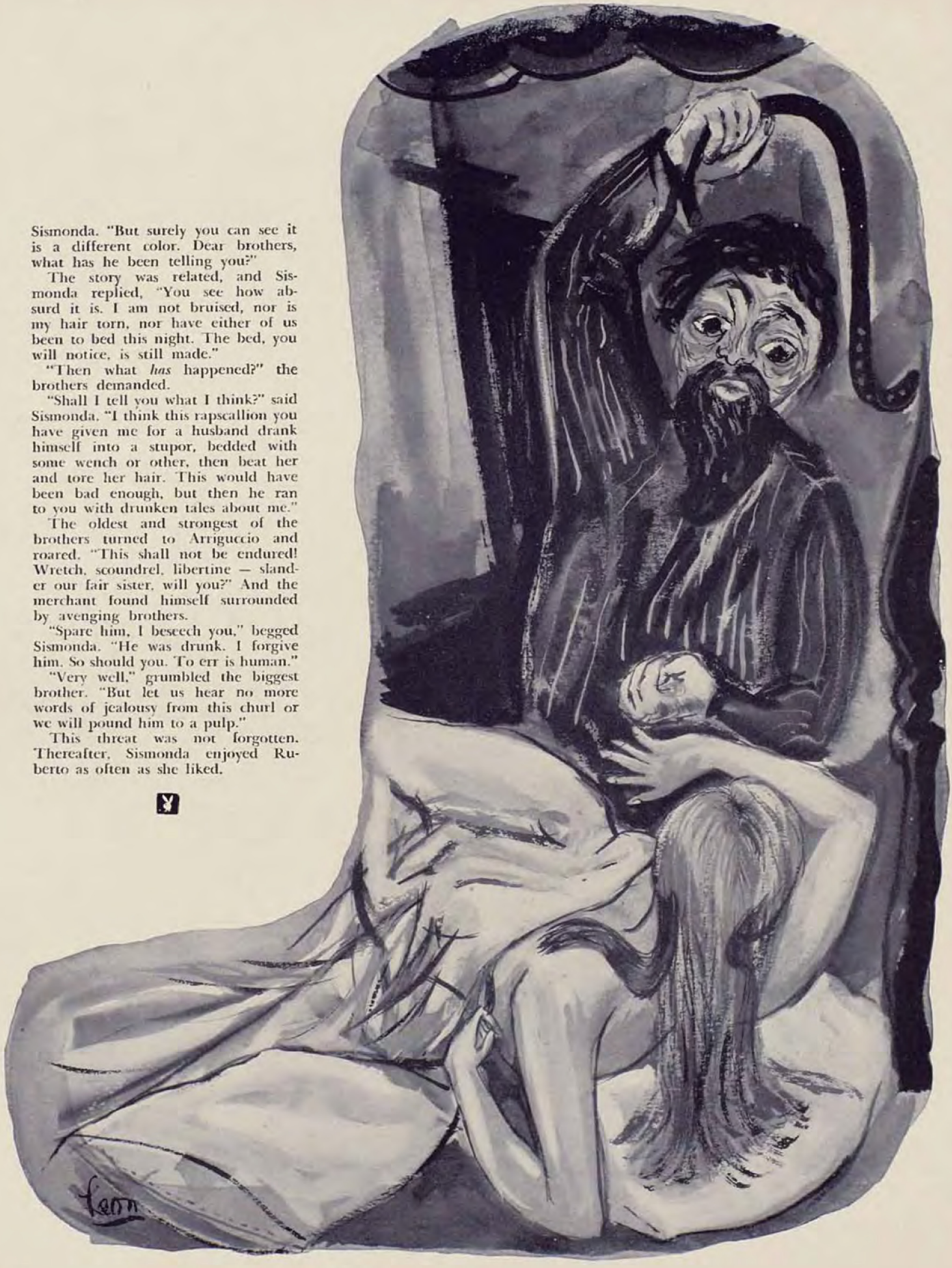
"Shall I tell you what I think?" said Sismonda. "I think this rapscallion you have given me for a husband drank himself into a stupor, bedded with some wench or other, then beat her and tore her hair. This would have been bad enough, but then he ran to you with drunken tales about me."

The oldest and strongest of the brothers turned to Arriguccio and roared. "This shall not be endured! Wretch, scoundrel, libertine — slander our fair sister, will you?" And the merchant found himself surrounded by avenging brothers.

"Spare him, I beseech you," begged Sismonda. "He was drunk. I forgive him. So should you. To err is human."

"Very well," grumbled the biggest brother. "But let us hear no more words of jealousy from this churl or we will pound him to a pulp."

This threat was not forgotten. Thereafter, Sismonda enjoyed Ruberto as often as she liked.



APPEARANCE (*continued from page 24*)

terior, and Madame Saladin were the witnesses. The bridegroom was a slim young man with a straight nose, fine eyes and black waving hair brushed straight back from his forehead. He looked more like a tennis player than a traveller in silk. The Mayor, impressed by the august presence of the Minister of the Interior, made according to French practice a speech which he sought to render eloquent. He began by telling the married couple what presumably they already knew. He informed the bridegroom that he was the son of worthy parents and was engaged in an honourable profession. He congratulated him on entering the bonds of matrimony at an age when many young men thought only of their pleasures. He reminded the bride that her father was a hero of the great war, whose glorious wounds had been rewarded by a concession to sell tobacco, and he told her that she had earned a decent living since her arrival in Paris in an establishment that was one of the glories of French taste and luxury. The Mayor was of a literary turn and he briefly mentioned various celebrated lovers of fiction, Romeo and Juliet whose short but legitimate union had been interrupted by a regrettable misunderstanding, Paul's Virginia who had met her death at sea rather than sacrifice her modesty by taking off her clothes, and finally Daphnis and Chloe who had not consummated their marriage till it was sanctioned by the legitimate authority. He was so moving that Lisette shed a few tears. He paid a compliment to Madame Saladin whose example and precept had preserved her young and beautiful niece from the dangers that are likely to befall a young girl alone in a great city and finally he congratulated the happy pair on the honor that the Minister of the Interior had done them in consenting to be a witness at the ceremony. It was a testimony to their own probity that this captain of industry and eminent statesman should find time to perform a humble office to persons in their modest sphere and it proved not only the excellence of his heart but his lively sense of duty. His action showed that he appreciated the importance of early marriage, affirmed the security of the family and emphazed the desirability of producing offspring to increase the power, influence and consequence of the fair land of France. A very good speech indeed.

The wedding breakfast was held at the Chateau de Madrid which had sentimental associations for Monsieur Le Sueur. It has been mentioned already that among his many interests the Minister (as we must now call him) was interested in a firm of motor-cars. His wedding present to the bridegroom had been a very nice two-seater of his own manufacture and in this, when lunch was over, the young couple started off for their honeymoon. This could only last over the week end since the young man had to get back to his work and this was to take him to Marseilles, Toulon and Nice. Lisette kissed her aunt and she kissed Monsieur Le Sueur.

"I shall expect you at five on Monday," she whispered to him.

"I shall be there," he answered.

They drove away and for a moment Monsieur Le Sueur and Madame Saladin looked at the smart yellow roadster.

"As long as he makes her happy," sighed Madame Saladin, who was not used to champagne at lunch and felt unreasonably melancholy.

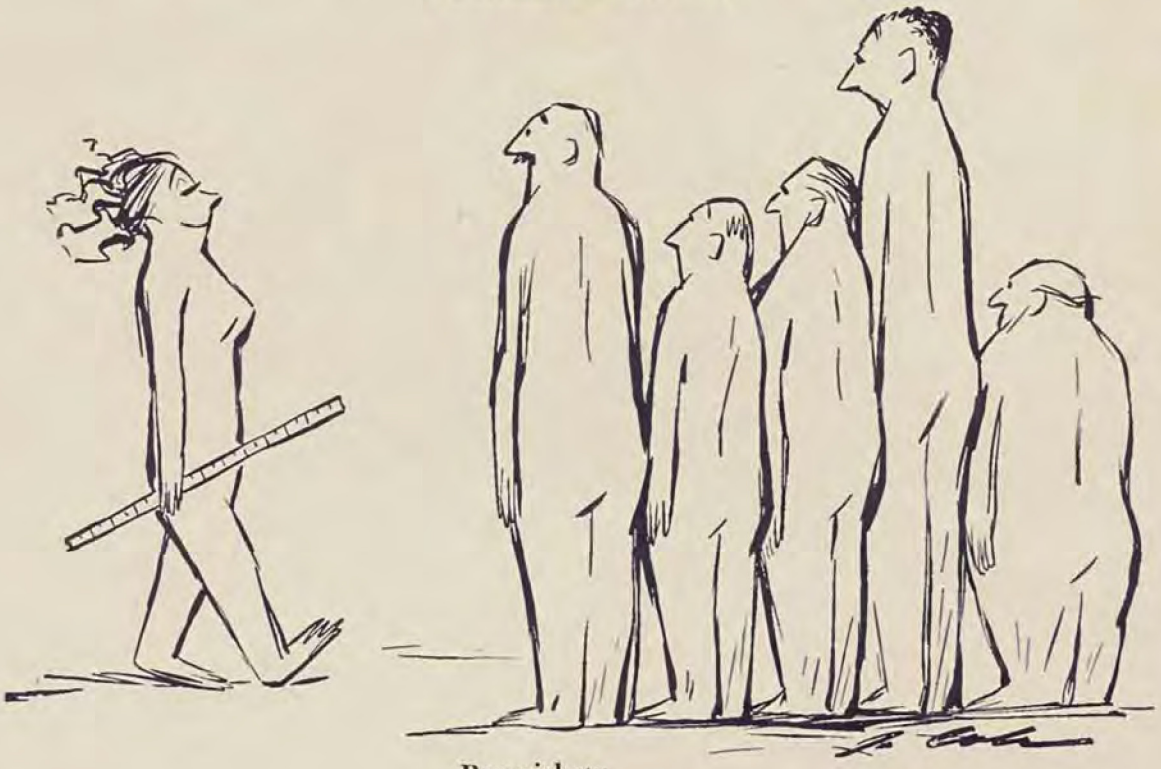
"If he does not make her happy he will have me to account with," said Monsieur Le Sueur impressively.

His car drove up.

"*Au revoir, chère Madame.* You will get a bus at the Avenue de Neuilly."

He stepped into his car and as he thought of the affairs of state that awaited his attention he sighed with content. It was evidently much more fitting to his situation that his mistress should be, not just a little mannequin in a dressmaker's shop, but a respectable married woman.

FEMALES BY COLE: 5



Persnickety

"But, Milton, maybe they've friendly natives!"

KIND OF DISH

(*continued from page 40*)

paid, were given scraps of cheese, meat, etc. in the kitchen. From such leftovers they fashioned small appetizers which they sold as a first course, pocketing the money.

Jardiniere (French) Garden style or including a variety of fresh vegetables as a garnish.

Lyonnaise (French) With onions. It may be potatoes lyonnaise, omelette lyonnaise, etc.

Maitre D'Hotel (French) There are two meanings to this term. A *maitre d'hotel* is the headwaiter of the dining room. *Maitre d'hotel* is also the name of a sauce made of sweet butter, lemon juice and parsley, brushed over fish or chops before they are served.

Marguery (French) The name of a famous French restaurateur who created *Sole Marguery*. The sole is poached, then covered with a white wine sauce garnished with small shrimp, mussels and mushrooms.

Meuniere (French) Prepared according to the style of the miller's wife. Fish *Meuniere* is fish dipped in flour, then panfried in shallow fat, usually butter. It is an easy way to cook small fish such as trout, perch, etc. The miller's wife was supposed to be lazy.

Parmigiana (Italian) Prepared with Parmesan cheese. Veal Cutlet *Parmigiana* is a breaded and fried veal cutlet, baked in a casserole with tomato sauce and topped with both Mozarella cheese and Parmesan cheese.

Petite Marmite (French) The aristocrat of French soups, served in an individual marmite or casserole. The base of the soup is a beef and chicken broth. It includes vegetables and pieces of beef and chicken as well as beef marrow. Always served with toasted French bread and grated cheese.

Prosciutto (Italian) An air cured, pressed ham, sliced paper thin and served as an appetizer.

Saute (French) Literally, to hop or jump. In America it is called panfrying. The sputtering fat hops and the fry cook jumps to make sure the sauteing is uniformly golden brown.

Stroganoff (Russian) Beef Stroganoff, named after a minister of the Czar, is a beef stew seasoned with mushrooms and mixed with sour cream just before serving.

Vichyssoise (French) Cold cream of potato and leek soup, now the most popular of cold soups, created by Chef Louis Diat and named after the city of Vichy, near Diat's birthplace.

Vol au Vent (French) Literally, flown with the wind. A light airy pastry used to serve creamed poultry or seafood. Known in this country as a patty shell.

Weiner Schnitzel (German) A breaded veal cutlet garnished with egg, lemon, anchovy and parsley.

Zuppa Inglese (Italian) Literally, English soup but actually a rum soaked cake with a custard filling. It was named ironically after English travellers in Italy who would have no part of the poor peasants' soup but who dined instead on rich meats and pastry.

YOK

(*continued from page 45*)

the locker room.

The second half of that football game was wrapped up in a neat little package and presented to Billy Rockne back in South Bend. An inspired Notre Dame eleven returned to the gridiron and proceeded to tear the daylights out of the Rambling Wreck.

The following day the Irish squad returned to South Bend. Waiting at the station were hundreds of hometown rooters and almost the entire student body. In the forefront was Mrs. Rockne, and by her side Knute's young son, Billy.

The members of the Irish team sent up a happy shout as they saw the kid. It was good, they said, to see Billy so completely recovered. They were happy to have been able to help by beating Georgia Tech.

Mrs. Rockne looked blank. She insisted that Billy hadn't had so much as a cold all year long.

• • •

But not all of Knute's tricks were so elaborate. He knew the value of simplicity. In 1925, Notre Dame was trailing Northwestern at the half by a score of 10-0. The boys were sitting despondently in their dressing room, waiting for Knute to come in with the customary tongue-lashing. While admitting to themselves that they had one coming, they dreaded the moment when Rockne would open up on them.

Time passed, and Knute didn't appear. The suspense was unnerving. Almost the entire rest period had gone by, and they were biting their fingernails down to the elbows when the door finally opened and Knute put his head through.

He stared around the room at the nervous faces. Then backing out again, as though he had made a mistake, he spoke almost apologetically: "Excuse me. I thought this was the dressing room of the *Fighting Irish*."

Final score: Northwestern, 10; Notre Dame, 13.

• • •

We've saved the most fantastic story for the end. It happened in Sandpoint, Idaho, while the local high-school eleven was entertaining Kellogg high school. Charley Ford, captain of the Kellogg team, was running interference for the ball carrier and clearing a swath through the secondary when he suddenly disappeared, leaving the runner to his own devices. The crowd was puzzled; the team was stunned. How could he have vanished so completely?

In another moment, the mystery had evaporated. The young captain's head slowly and painfully emerged from a five-foot hole which had been covered by boards and sod in order to camouflage a rather embarrassing bald spot in the field.

Ford returned to the game and led Kellogg to victory — feeling none the worse for his brief excursion into the underworld.

"I may not know much about art, but I know what I like."

THE ANTI-PLAYBOY

THOMAS BOWDLER would never have approved of PLAYBOY. The man who made "bowdlerize" synonymous with "censorship;" whose edition of Shakespeare omitted "those words and expressions which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family;" who expurgated Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* to conform with the narrowness of his own mind — this man would have been horrified by PLAYBOY's Party Jokes, Ribald Classics and lovely Playmates of the Month. If, like Bowdler, you feel all literature should be made proper for six-year-olds and elderly ladies, then please *don't* subscribe to this magazine. Don't be tempted by the money-saving three year subscription or the handy order-blank below. If, on the other hand, you like your entertainment served up with humor, sophistication and spice — well, why not subscribe to PLAYBOY *today*?

NEXT MONTH

paris 'round the world

an earthy tale by erskine caldwell

cartoons by vip

3 years **$13**
(You save $5.00 from the regular single-copy price.)

2 years **$10**
(You save $2.00 from the regular single-copy price.)

1 year **$6**

Please enter my subscription to **PLAYBOY** for

☐ 3 years $13
☐ 2 years $10
☐ 1 year $6

$____ enclosed

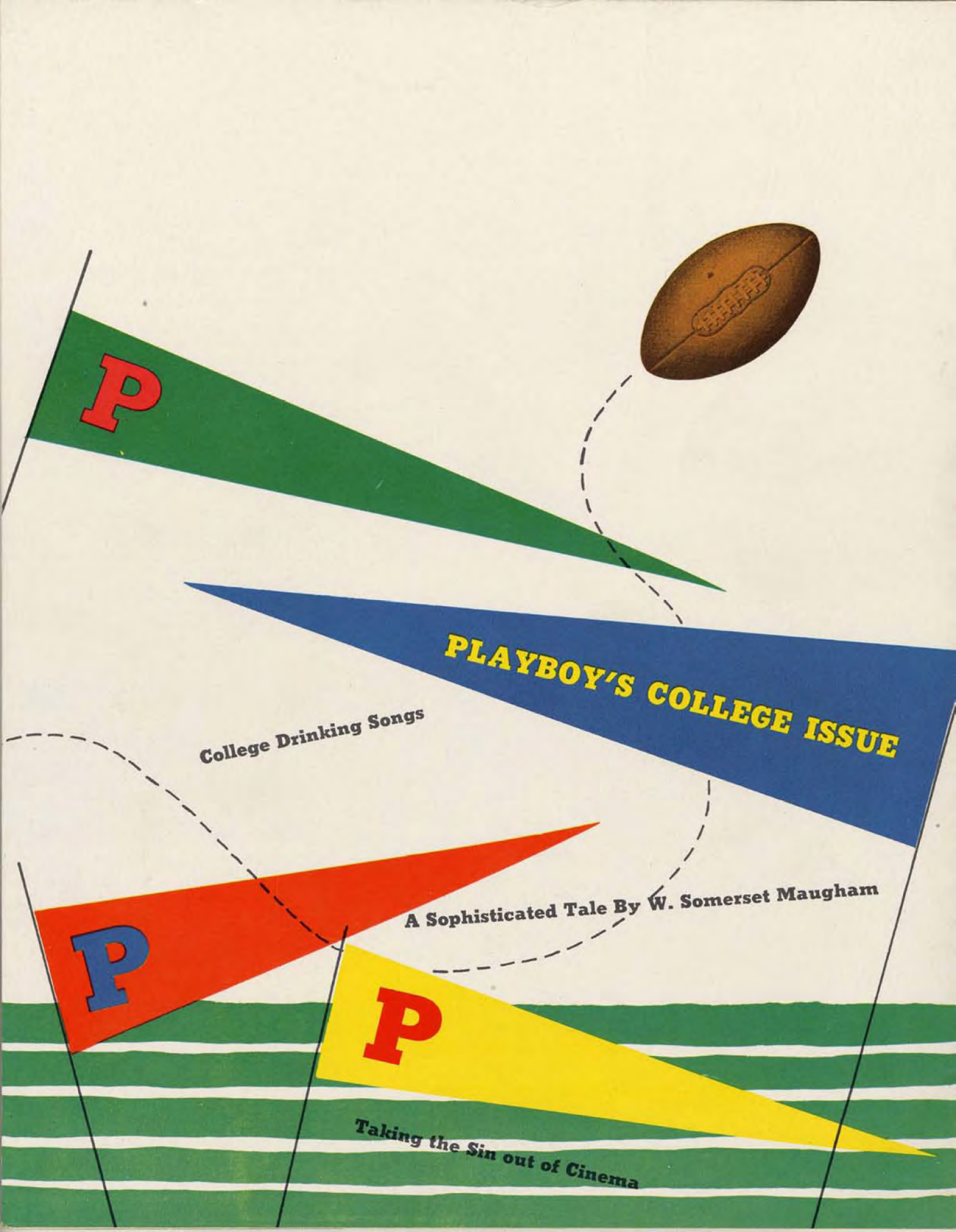
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

ZONE____ STATE_____

ENTER ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER. SEND TO PLAYBOY, 11 E. SUPERIOR, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS


P
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE ISSUE
College Drinking Songs
A Sophisticated Tale By W. Somerset Maugham
P
P
Taking the Sin out of Cinema